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The Shape of Things

THE RUSSIAN RECAPTURE OF ROSTOV IS THE best news from the eastern front for a long time. Its political significance is at least as great as its military importance, for at a very inopportune moment for Hitler it provides a crushing reply to his claims that the victory over Russia is already won. Moreover, it sounds a loud warning to Tokyo to proceed cautiously. From a military point of view the Soviet success indicates the ability of the Red Army to take the offensive even though much of its strength is absorbed in holding the furious German attacks in the Moscow region. Rostov is the first important Russian city captured by the invaders which they have been forced to evacuate. It is not "just another town"—the phrase used in Berlin explanations—but the strategic key to the whole of southeastern Russia. Without it the *Reichswehr* can neither start a drive toward the Caucasus oil fields nor develop an offensive toward Astrakan with a view to cutting communications between Moscow, Baku, and Iran. The Germans at first said their retreat was designed to facilitate the total destruction of Rostov as a punishment for civilian snipers; their second version ascribed it to Russian numerical superiority. This explanation is hard to reconcile with previous claims of multi-million Russian losses.

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THE BATTLE OF THE LIBYAN DESERT IS STILL raging as we write, and details of the fighting are obscured by clouds of sand and censorship. The most recent reports from London and Cairo are not exactly encouraging, for they admit that the Axis forces have recaptured Sidi Rezegh and broken through the corridor which the British had established between that place and Tobruk. This may mean that some part of General Rommel's panzer divisions will be able to escape to the west from the pocket in which the British have been seeking to round them up and destroy them totally. As a result the Germans and Italians might succeed in establishing new lines where they could hold out until reinforced. The possibilities of a rapid British advance on Tripoli would then vanish, and the mobile columns which the British have sent out far to the west of the main fighting zone

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would probably have to be recalled. However, in this desert positional warfare fortunes sway rapidly, and since General Cunningham still has fresh reserves to send into battle, he may yet succeed in pinning down the enemy. The British retain command of the air, and their communication lines are intact and comparatively short, while those of the Axis are extended and threatened at a dozen points.

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THE BASIC HANDICAP OF THE AXIS IN the North African campaign is British domination of communications with Italy. Some supply ships no doubt are getting through, but the percentage of losses must be high. Moreover, the terminal ports in both Italy and Africa are suffering from increasingly heavy air attacks. There is only one remedy for this situation, and that is the conscription of the French fleet and such bases as Bizerta. Official Vichy reports of the interview between Pétain and Göring say that "acts not words" will be the future keynote of collaboration. According to Swiss reports, the Nazis are insisting that such acts must include French naval convoys for Axis ships supplying Africa, transit facilities for Axis troops in French North African bases with French arms assuring their protection, and defense by French troops subject to German command of the Atlantic coast from Bordeaux to the Spanish frontier, releasing Nazi troops for service elsewhere. The *quid pro quo,* it is said, would be the immediate release of all French prisoners and reduced restrictions on movements of persons and goods between occupied and unoccupied France. The urgency of such an agreement from the German point of view is enhanced by the Far Eastern situation, for the addition of the French navy to the Axis forces would check the dispatch of British naval reinforcements to Singapore. With General Weygand liquidated and trusted collaborationists taking charge at key points in the colonies, hopes that Pétain will continue to stand firm on the armistice conditions are fading. Recent British and Russian successes may seem an argument for caution, but the men of Vichy have so much moral capital invested in a Nazi victory that increasing Axis troubles may make an increase in their stake appear imperative.

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VICHY FRANCE WAS NOT INCLUDED IN THE puppet show staged at Berlin last week, but it will no doubt be offered a supporting role in the next performance if it passes the preliminary collaboration tests. The drama produced by von Ribbentrop combined tragedy with farce, for if the spectacle of such states as Croatia, Slovakia, Hungary, and Rumania pretending to exercise sovereignty was richly comic, there was a tragic note in the presence of representatives of countries with such past records of democratic government as Denmark and Finland. What were the Nazi purposes in presenting this show? Von Ribbentrop vehemently denied that it was the prologue to a peace offensive, and it may be that he was speaking the truth for once, though only because the essential basis for such an offensive—conclusive victory over Russia—is still lacking. The Nazi Foreign Secretary insisted that Russia was completely smashed and then attempted to reconcile this "fact" with the necessity for an extension of the anti-Comintern pact by suggesting once again that "bolshevism" and "plutodemocracy" were exactly the same thing. In other words, the puppets were being enlisted for a war against the West, a point which was made still clearer by the reservation of von Ribbentrop's choicest invective for President Roosevelt. We hope the State Department has noted that among those signing on the dotted line was Spain, and that Japan was present with a couple of its own puppets on leash.

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THE REAL REASON FOR THE CONFERENCE in Berlin was, we suspect, a hope that the construction of the New Order in Europe could be hastened by an exhibition of the blueprints. Although Hitler is getting a great deal of economic aid from the occupied territories, he is not getting enough to keep his war machine rolling at top speed. He has to contend with a growing shortage of man-power in both industry and the army. Even if we discount Russian claims, German losses in Russia must be very large, and the end is not in sight. Great numbers of men have been drafted from the various Axis allies for the eastern front and been allotted the most dangerous tasks. Their morale, never high, has further deteriorated. Rumanians and Hungarians are eyeing each other belligerently and cannot be trusted to cooperate, while the Slovakian regiments are said to have been sent home because so many of the men deserted. Another Nazi problem is to find technicians and workers to reap the rich harvest of Russian resources over which von Ribbentrop licked his lips. In these circumstances the Nazis must try to establish the belief that their New Europe is an unassailable *fait accompli* and so persuade millions of unwilling slaves that they had better renounce all hope of liberation and accept their fate.

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THAT OLD FONDNESS FOR FRANCO STILL seems to play a part in American and British policy toward Spain. Since last April figures on our exports abroad have been kept a secret to spare the State Department public protest against shipments of oil and other war materials to Japan, Spain, and other countries friendly to the Axis. *PM* in New York recently revealed the secret figures on oil shipments to Spain, which included some unusually large amounts of aviation lubricating oil. The Treasury, which has charge of export

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figures through the customs, hastened to explain, under pressure from the State Department, that the figures for aviation lubricating oil represented an error on the part of its own officials. But the revelation of the figures resulted in the revocation of all licenses for the export of oil to Spain. Unfortunately, it is now learned that these exports will be resumed as soon as the State Department has negotiated a new agreement with Franco for stricter control of shipments to prevent leaks to the Axis. It is time our diplomats realized that supplies sent to Spain, whether transshipped or not, help the Axis by keeping Spain's economic machinery in running order for the supply of its own iron ore, manufactures, and foodstuffs to Hitler and Mussolini.

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IN OFFERING HIS SERVICES TO A COMMUNIST whose civil rights are in jeopardy, Wendell Willkie has shown a brand of courage and good faith that is rare even among the best of our statesmen. As counsel to William Schneiderman, a California Communist leader, Willkie will argue before the Supreme Court for the reversal of a shocking miscarriage of justice. The case is simple. In applying for citizenship seventeen years ago Schneiderman did not tell the authorities that he was a Communist. They did not ask him, and there was at that time no law preventing a Communist from becoming a citizen. Since 1939, however, two lower courts have ordered the revocation of Schneiderman's citizenship on the basis of a law passed a decade after his application was made. The danger in such a procedure is obvious, and a prompt reversal is in order. In his article in this issue Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., points to Willkie's ability to rise above partisan politics in defense of national interests; by coming to the aid of Schneiderman, Willkie has given timely confirmation to Mr. Schlesinger's view.

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THE DECISION AGAINST THE "ANTI-OKIE" law in California presents the interesting spectacle of a Supreme Court fervently unanimous in the result reached and bitterly divided on the method of reaching it. Three opinions were delivered—one by Justice Byrnes for the majority, another by Justice Douglas for himself and Justices Black and Murphy, and the third by Justice Jackson for himself. The hairs split between them are rather fine in the lay view, but between the caution of the majority and the moving eloquence of the minorities lie differences that may play a serious role in the future development of our constitutional law. On the one hand are justices who believe that the "self-restraint" recommended to the court in Stone's AAA dissent must be exercised by progressives as well as conservatives. The majority wanted to hold the law unconstitutional without going so far beyond the needs of the immediate case as to shut the door on possible Congressional action in the future dealing with the problem of migrants. The minority with moving eloquence would make the right of a man to move from state to state an incident of national citizenship which could not be curtailed. We agree with the minority's views, but we cannot help seeing that they may be open to criticism as looking toward the very kind of "judicial legislation" we criticized so bitterly when it was exercised on the other side of the fence.

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THE TWO VETERANS' PENSION BILLS NOW before the Senate Finance Committee are undoubtedly bad, but the opposition to them has largely been based on the wrong reasons. There is nothing inherently vicious in the proposal to pay pensions to the dependent widows, children, and parents of deceased veterans. Nor is the request for increased pensions for disabled veterans, or for the extension of these pensions to veterans of sixty-five and over who are without adequate means of support wholly without justification. In each case a definite need exists which can only be met adequately by the government. The fact that the cost may reach five to ten billion dollars during the course of the next century is irrelevant in the face of an indubitable social responsibility. What is indefensible is the singling out of veterans for special privileges not accorded to other loyal Americans, and complete disregard of the machinery which has been set up for providing protection through the Social Security Act. Admittedly the act is inadequate as it now stands and should be revised, but even as it stands it provides the majority of veterans with protection in all of the categories mentioned above except disability. And veterans are already receiving substantial disability allowances. Instead of tampering further with pension legislation, Congress should take immediate steps to see that all Americans, including veterans, are given the basic protection that most of them already enjoy under the Social Security Act.

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ONE REAR ADMIRAL W. H. P. BLANDY MADE a speech to a group of workers in Georgia recently. He spoke in part as follows:

> You are all aware of recent cases in which men stopped work on defense projects because a few misguided but determined local leaders induced them to place petty personal benefits above the security of their country. . . . I am confident that no such stoppage of work can happen here, but if it should come about that any of these disloyal citizens shall approach you with any such suggestions, I hope you will ride them out of town on a rail as if they were wearing swastikas on their sleeves.

The Workers' Defense League called the speech to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, and demanded that the exuberant Admiral be disciplined for his inflammatory remarks. The league pointed out

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that such talk was particularly dangerous in a state famous for Eugene Talmadge and the Ku Klux Klan. Secretary Knox, in reply, stated that the league had misunderstood Admiral Blandy's remarks; he then went on to quote an "exact extract" from which we have taken the remarks given above; and he ended by saying, "With the sentiment thus expressed, I am in thoroughgoing accord."

*

ALTHOUGH PUBLIC PRESSURE WAS STRONG enough to force him to refuse pardon to six convicted floggers, Governor Talmadge seems to think that the imprisoned members of the Ku Klux Klan merit comparison with Saul of Tarsus. In considering the parole of these men, whose only crime was the flogging to death of a local drunk and the lashing of a union organizer, Talmadge took to the Scriptures and pointed out that the great evangelist had once been a flogger of slaves. St. Paul may have been a pretty rough character, but he repented; the Governor of Georgia, on the other hand, is still proud of his own flogging exploits. "These men were trying to do the right thing," he said; "I was in a thing like this one time myself, but I got my man out in broad daylight," as if to say that persons who beat their victims at night should not be discriminated against. He is probably right, and it would not be a bad idea if Talmadge, the daytime flogger, were allowed to join his nightriding saints in Fulton County jail.

*

CHILEAN NAZIS HAVE HAD A GOOD WEEK. The death of President Pedro Aguirre Cerda removed one of South America's foremost champions of the democratic idea and of the coordinated resistance of an entire hemisphere to Axis penetration. At the President's funeral Hitler's followers in Santiago were enabled to present the mourners with a neat contrast. "Crowds gathered," reported the New York *Times*, "opposite a German-owned florist shop where an enormous personal wreath from Adolf Hitler for President Aguirre's funeral was exhibited. At least five yards in diameter, the wreath has two swastikas in black and bears Herr Hitler's name in large gold letters." If the tribute was pure Berchtesgaden in taste, it was delicacy itself compared with the item that came from the Good Neighbor to the north via Henry R. Luce. This was a widely disseminated article in *Time*, written a week before, the burden of which was that President Aguirre's retirement on November 10 was the act of a man who was unable to carry on the duties of his office in the face of political turmoil and whose announced illness was merely a pretext to cast off his burden and spend "more and more time with the red wine he cultivates." Shocked at the extent to which this forced piece of irresponsibility played into the hands of the Nazis, President Roosevelt did what he has always refused to do in the past: he apologized on behalf of the government and the country for the utterance of a private journal. We believe the *Time* story to be the "disgusting lie" the President said it was, but he is setting a dangerous precedent when he undertakes to account to foreign governments for the conduct of the American press. An apology from *Time* would be more in order and, coming from a free press, more effective.

*

THE AGREEMENT UNDER WHICH ARGENTINA will sell its entire output of tungsten to the United States cuts off the Axis powers from almost the last source of raw materials in this hemisphere. Bolivia is already delivering all of its production of tin and tungsten to this country, and Brazil has pledged its entire export supply of manganese, bauxite, and commercial diamonds. The recent agreement with Mexico sets up arrangements for the absorption of Mexican oil and silver, and the stationing of American troops in Dutch Guiana will assure the continued flow of that colony's bauxite to this country. Although no exclusive arrangement has been concluded with regard to Chilean copper, recent American purchases have been so heavy as virtually to sew up the entire production. Argentine mica and beryllium are the only important strategic raw materials still outside the scope of United States purchasing agreements. Argentina is not one of the principal producers of tungsten, but the arrangement just concluded is significant because half of its output had been going to Japan. The loss of this source of supply will be particularly serious for the Japanese inasmuch as the "East Asia co-prosperity sphere" is almost completely lacking in the alloys which are indispensable for high-grade steel.

Calling Japan's Bluff

IT LOOKS as if the United States had called Japan's bluff. Within twenty-four hours after Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo had rejected American proposals for a Pacific settlement as fantastic, within forty-eight hours of bold talk from Tokyo about "purging" American influence in the Far East, the Japanese Cabinet suddenly and unexpectedly declared that it wanted to continue negotiations. This announcement by the official Japanese news agency, Domei, seems to have come as a complete surprise to our own State Department, which had expected a flat no from Japan. Tokyo's about-face bears out reports in Washington that the chief purpose of the Kurusu mission was to determine whether we really meant business or were just bluffing. Japan seems to have decided that we are prepared to fight rather than make any further efforts at appeasement.

There is good reason to believe that we owe the increased firmness of our own government in the Far East

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to a courageous stand on the part of China. It was only after the visit to the White House by Ambassador Hu Shih and China's Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, that Secretary of State Hull called in Kurusu and Nomura and presented them with a final offer that was in the nature of an ultimatum. We believe that he was speaking for the great mass of the American people when he said that a Pacific settlement was possible only if Japan withdrew from the Axis and took its troops out of China and Indo-China. There is evidence that the State Department and the British embassy in Washington were prepared for at least one more venture in appeasement when Mr. Roosevelt, after the visit of the two Chinese, summoned Secretary Hull to the White House for the discussions which preceded the "final offer" to Japan.

Appeasement takes many guises. In this instance there had been talk of "buying time." Amateur Machiavellis—very amateur—in our State Department were prepared to "fool the Japanese" for three months, by selling them oil and other war supplies while we prepared for a final showdown. In some quarters it was said that the War Department had begged for three months more. The dangers of this "limited agreement" visualized by both Secretary Hull and Lord Halifax were four. The first, of course, was that we should be helping Japan prepare for war against us. The second was the risk that after the three months the situation would be less favorable for cracking down than it is at present. The third was that appeasement forces in both the American and British governments would seek to capitalize on this initial victory and try to obtain an extension of the "limited agreement." More serious than any of the foregoing was the harm that would be done the morale of the Chinese people by a move that would appear to them as a "sell-out." One could hardly explain to the great mass of Chinese that we were cleverly deceiving the Japanese. The cleverness might be unappreciated by a people whose children have been maimed and cities destroyed by bombs made of American materials and dropped from planes fueled by American oil. Chinese faith in us was shaken badly enough by the inept excuse for the sale of oil to Japan made by the President in his Hyde Park speech—that we had to give it to them to keep them from seizing the Dutch East Indies.

We believe that Japan's sudden about-face when Washington was reconciled to war again proves that the only way to avoid trouble in this contemporary world of fascist aggressors is to be fully prepared to encounter trouble. The Japanese, who have moved forward again and again since 1931 at every sign of British and American weakness, call a halt when we take a firm stand and prepare for war. War may indeed be unavoidable, but so long as we remain firm the Japanese will do their best to avoid it. They have maneuvered themselves into a position where they risk a domestic catastrophe if they withdraw from China and defeat if they try to advance farther in East Asia. They, and not we, need to play for time, and we can afford to be hard-boiled about it.

Had a firm attitude been taken in 1931, had a firm attitude been taken in 1937, the Japanese advance might have been halted long ago. It is our disgrace that, despite all our noble-sounding pronouncements on the wickedness of aggression, we waited until the beginning of August, 1941, to shut off the sale of all war supplies to Japan. The embargo has hit Japan hard now; it would have hit it hard then. The only consequence of delay has been to give Japan a chance to build up stocks of valuable war material, to extend its control over China, and to shake the faith of the Chinese people in our sincerity.

We believe that no "limited agreements," no adventures in Machiavellianism, no "playing for time" ought to deter us from our main objective—checking Japanese aggression. Japan must withdraw from China—or else. The combined power of the British, the Dutch, the Chinese, the Russians, and ourselves is enough to make it do so, despite the European war. While maintaining a firm stand, we must increase our shipments of supplies to China. China has too long been the stepchild of lend-lease. And the first step in greater shipments must be the sending of a few hundred more planes to defend the Burma road, China's lifeline. The friendship of 400,000,000 people is at stake, and it is time we really began to suit our actions in the East to our words.

Inflation Wins

THE House's action in emasculating the price-control bill before adopting it shows clearly that Congress either does not want to prevent inflation or lacks any understanding of how to combat it. As it stands, the bill is not really an anti-inflation measure—as may be gleaned from the fact that commodity markets rose following its passage. Although a price administrator is to be appointed who would have authority to set a ceiling on commodity prices, he will have no power to enforce his decisions except through the time-consuming processes of the courts. The House eliminated a provision in the bill which would have given the administrator power to issue and revoke licenses to business concerns as a means of exercising control over their price policies. It also weakened a provision which would have enabled the government to buy and sell commodities directly in an effort to hold down prices. But the chief shortcoming of the bill is to be found in the fact that it does not provide a means for effectively controlling farm prices. The administrator is barred from establishing a ceiling on an agricultural product which is lower than the highest of the following three levels: (a) 110 per cent of parity; (b)

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the market price on October 1, 1941; (c) the average price for 1919-29. Since it would be impossible to keep the prices which enter into the calculation of parity from rising in sympathy with farm prices, it is doubtful whether the price of most farm products would ever exceed 110 per cent of parity. In effect, agricultural prices are excluded from control; and the whole price-control mechanism seems doomed to failure.

The Administration should not be blamed too harshly for its failure to rally its forces behind the stronger version of the bill in the early days of the debate. The coalition of forces against the measure was too powerful even for such an astute politician as Mr. Roosevelt to handle. It included an overwhelming majority of the Republican opposition, the organized farm bloc, a group of Southern Democrats who were convinced that price-control meant "dictatorship," and representatives of various special interests which have a stake in rising commodity prices. Many of the groups thus represented, notably the farmers, stand to lose more than they can gain from inflation. But experience has shown that no political action is more difficult than to legislate against a rising price level.

In restricting the price-control bill most Congressmen doubtless thought they were merely giving their constituents the benefit of a mild rise in prices such as has already occurred. Few realized the tremendous explosive possibilities of inflation. For inflation is not a mild homeopathic remedy which affects all classes of the population equally. It is a harsh stimulant which benefits a few but is highly dangerous to the majority. It inevitably brings about a drastic readjustment in social and economic relationships—a change by which the rich, for the most part, grow richer and the poor grow poorer. For while the farmers and certain groups of workers may achieve temporary gains in the early stages of an inflationary price rise such as we are experiencing now, they are bound to suffer later. The chief beneficiaries of inflation are the plungers—the speculator and the audacious business man who has considerable resources. The small man, whether he is a white-collar employee, wage worker, or farmer—without resources which enable him to hedge—is bound to be caught by the spiraling cost of living.

The basic question at the moment is whether the small man—the kind of man who turned out by the million in 1932, 1936, and 1940 to express his faith in Mr. Roosevelt—will awaken to his danger in time to force the Senate to adopt a price-control bill that will really control prices. So far there is no evidence of such an upsurge of popular opinion. But if the small man only knew it, this bill is more important to him and his interests than any other piece of domestic legislation that has been before Congress for many years.

Are Intellectuals People?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Havana, November 26

IT MAY seem a little late in the day to discuss the role of the intellectual in the world crisis. Hitler, one might think, had settled the question, if it was still in doubt, and proved for all time that intellectuals are not beings inhabiting a world apart, separated by their learning from the responsibilities and penalties of ordinary men. So one might think. But the matter is not so easily disposed of. Intellectuals, apparently, are a bit slow at grasping certain questions, especially those that concern them. And so, for three and a half days, here in the clear sunlight of Havana, a group of scholars and writers have been discussing this subject, eloquently, variously, and learnedly, in four languages.

The gathering is called a *platica,* which, properly defined, is a conversation. And this one, held at the invitation of the Cuban Commission of Intellectual Cooperation, has provided a sort of informal aftermath to the sessions of the second conference of the Committees on Intellectual Cooperation of the Americas which met last week. The participants are a distinguished group representing many fields of learning, many points of view—and most of the American republics. Among them, happily, are also several European scholars now in exile in the Americas.

The main idea behind the *platica* was, I suspect, to create an atmosphere of pan-American friendship and common interest; to demonstrate that the intellectual weather is generally fair when good scholars get together. But if this was its whole purpose, the hosts reckoned without their guests. Ends of friendship have undoubtedly been served, as is natural when intelligent and responsive people meet in surroundings so conducive to amiability. No one could sit in the charming ballroom of the Hotel Nacional, with the blue Atlantic just beyond the windows, and fail to find virtue in his fellows—even when they appear both wrong-headed and long-winded. But somehow, as the hours of speech-making have worn on, delegates have turned more and more from the set subject of America in the World Crisis to that of the Intellectual in the World Crisis, and on this theme they have divided with a vehemence human beings seldom display unless, directly or indirectly, they are talking about themselves.

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Civilization may rock toward possible ruin, politicians break old treaties or make new ones, soldiers fight, women knit turtle-neck sweaters, mechanics turn castings and fit wings to airplanes; but intellectuals—what do they do? What ought they to do? What, in fact, can they do? Perhaps they have no function whatever and should look upon themselves as fragile luxuries, the ornaments of a stable society, doomed to be discarded while the issue of survival or destruction is bloodily joined. Perhaps they have the most important and creative function of all—the function of providing a reservoir of trained intelligence from which may be drawn the higher strategy and final objectives of the entire struggle. Or perhaps they have still a third role to play: perhaps it is their duty consciously to resist involvement in practical affairs, however pressing, to avoid passion and partisan commitments, pursuing with single-minded devotion the disciplines for which they are primarily equipped; pursuing them in the dogged hope that after the dust of political and military battle has settled, they may still be found at their desks with their books around them. These are the problems we have been discussing during the past three days in Havana, while Hitler's armies push toward Moscow and his police hunt civilized men off the face of Europe.

In his famous essay The Irresponsibles, published in *The Nation* on May 18, 1940, Archibald MacLeish insisted that it was not the practical interests of practical men that were chiefly menaced by the present world crisis; it was the interests of the scholar that were at stake, his goods that were being destroyed. The subjection of the mind and the forms of culture it has created to extermination or enslavement is the immediate, even the "practical," concern of the intellectual—of him above all others. But good scholars from many countries, especially the various Latin American countries, have risen in this meeting to deny this concept and have insisted that the intellectual life can only be lived in an atmosphere of detachment from temporal struggles. It is lucky that a few Europeans are here. The doctrine of intellectual solationism takes on a rather ghoulish aspect when expounded in the presence of scholars who have been swept out of their countries. Some of the Europeans may also have clung to a philosophy of detachment before the crisis actually invaded their libraries and classrooms. One or two may even have tried to placate the forces of destruction by gestures of appeasement. But most of them resisted—to the point at which exile became the only alternative to surrender. The courageous speeches of Count Sforza and Henri Focillon, to name two of the most striking, make the lofty generalities of the "pure" scholars sound not merely hollow and unreal but uncomfortably close to intellectual collaboration with the common enemy.

The Europeans have not fought alone. The delegates from the United States stand as one man against the strategy of irresponsibility. It must be said that their approach is less lofty and theoretical than that of most of their fellows from the other Americas. But they have contributed something the *platica* needed—a dose of common-sense. Listening to their brief, rather caustic, rather homely remarks, I have been impressed with the fact that although the American scholar may, as MacLeish charges, have failed to realize his high responsibilities in the present crisis, he has at least refused to escape into the more inaccessible regions of the intellect. He seems inclined, on the contrary, to deprecate his role as intellectual and consider himself merely a human being plying a trade of which, in a time like the present, he feels somewhat critical if not ashamed. While this attitude may also be destructive of a sense of profound dedication, it has the virtue of bringing the individual within earshot of the demands of his day. At least he recognizes the duty of making his position clear rather than obscuring it in a cloud of eloquent generalities. When Joseph Wood Krutch introduced his remarks on the second day by the sardonic observation that "never had so many come so far to say so little," he expressed a feeling which was phrased more mildly by several of his compatriots.

But it is among the delegates from the South and Central American countries, from Mexico and the Caribbean, that the conflict has been most sharply engaged. The best arguments for and against intellectual intervention were made by the representatives of those countries. Among the notable ones were the speeches of German Arciniegas of Colombia, Fernando Ortiz of Cuba, Louis Dantes Bellegarde of Haiti, and Herminio Portell Vila of Cuba—all strongly supporting the activist position. Their most effective and outspoken opponent was Jorge Mañach, a colleague of Portell Vila's at the University of Havana. The "interventionists" launched a set of resolutions so harmless in their phrasing that to refuse to sign became a political act of considerable boldness. Professor Portell Vila, Cuban historian and vigorous anti-fascist, drew up the resolutions and thrust them into the debate. Some of the delegates who supported his general position deplored the move as a waste of energy or a source of possible ill-feeling. But some catalyst was needed to bring out of the fluid mass of oratory a few grains of realism and to force men to commit themselves for or against the doctrine of political responsibility. It was a fight worth making if only because it proved that in the end few of those present were willing to accept the full implications of intellectual neutrality.

Listening to the *platica,* I have thought, many times, of Lucien Benda. He was here in the spirit, though his body still lives in unoccupied France. I have thought of

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Benda's definition of the treason of the intellectuals, and decided that it was wrong, or partly wrong. The treason of the intellectuals is not merely to break faith with the truth by becoming partisan, by putting their learning at the service of the politicians, the men of interest and passion. Their greater treason is to break faith with the truth by becoming *nothing*. It is this—the sterile purity, the irresponsible aloofness—that gives the Hitlers and Mussolinis and Francos their chance to invade and master the minds of men.

The Mote in Labor's Eye

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 1

AT LAST Monday night's conference in the White House the President seems to have made a final effort to sidetrack demands from Congressional leaders for anti-strike legislation. Despite newspaper reports to the contrary, he did not favor compulsory arbitration, and Attorney General Francis Biddle was on hand to reinforce his views with the strongest kind of constitutional argument, though it did not prove strong enough for some of the Southern gentlemen present. In the hope of delaying action in Congress Mr. Roosevelt put forward a proposal for a meeting of labor and business leaders to work out a voluntary program for the peaceful settlement of labor disputes in defense industries. This suggestion originated with Sidney Hillman and Chairman William H. Davis of the Mediation Board and was broached publicly several days later by Philip Murray of the C. I. O. The letter sent out by Murray to all C. I. O. affiliates on Thursday contains substantially the idea advanced by the President.

"Our specific concrete recommendation in lieu of repressive anti-labor legislation," Murray wrote, "is that the President of the United States should immediately convene a national conference of representatives of labor, industry, and government looking toward the voluntary acceptance of a plan which will assure the peaceful solution of industrial disputes and guarantee a maximum production for our national defense program. Such procedure would protect the interests of America without the need of repressing labor. . . ." A plan that might work "without the need of repressing labor" was unlikely to meet favor with Smith or Cox, both of whom were at the White House gathering, and the President made little headway with it. "Mr. President," Ramspeck of Georgia is reported to have said, "I can't be reelected in my district next year unless we pass legislation restricting strikes." Next year's elections are still a long way off, and it may be doubted whether this is true, even in the poll-tax states. Ramspeck, nevertheless, voiced the feeling of a majority of members of the House. Mr. Roosevelt reluctantly agreed that some kind of legislation would have to be enacted.

What form that legislation takes remains to be seen, but it seems safe to assume that it will not go much beyond the President's own preference, which is for statutory establishment of the procedure followed by the Mediation Board until it ran aground in the captive-mine dispute. It is possible that no legislation at all will be passed. Many factors are operating in labor's favor against repressive anti-strike measures. The Smiths and Coxes are continually defeating their own purpose by proposing laws so drastic as to make the support of Congressional middle-of-the-roaders improbable. Business interests, which helped defeat the Connally plant-seizure bill earlier this year, are as hostile as labor to compulsory methods which may operate against capital as well as labor. The testimony of Charles R. Hook of the National Association of Manufacturers was more successful than Attorney General Biddle's arguments in prevailing on Ramspeck and his colleagues to give up the idea of compulsory arbitration.

The strategy of the Republican block will be to criticize any measure supported by the Administration as inadequate, while carefully avoiding the risk of antagonizing labor by putting forward more drastic proposals of its own. Mediation, whether voluntary or compulsory, must play a part in any system set up to settle labor disputes, but both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. leaders can threaten to boycott any new mediation board which is required to enforce measures endangering labor's fundamental rights and hard-won recent gains. The fact that so many different proposals are before the House makes the defeat of any one of them, even most of them, easier. The expected settlement of both the rail and captive-mine disputes, and the fall in the number of strikes to very tiny proportions, will also make the passage of serious restrictions on labor more difficult.

From labor's point of view the best of the measures before Congress is the bill sponsored by Senator Ball of Minnesota and favored by the Senate Labor Committee. William H. Leiserson of the National Labor Relations Board seems to have had a hand in the framing of that measure, though there is good reason to believe that he did not father the one penalty provision. This would

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fine any employer who changed over to a closed shop as a result of a strike. The rest of the bill provides for a cooling-off period and mediation. Perhaps the worst, from labor's point of view, is the Connally bill, which provides not only for seizure of a plant in the event of a strike but for return of the plant to the owner after settlement of any wage disputes by a special board. The bill would permit arbitration only of wage demands and provides that under temporary government operation there shall be no change in the terms or conditions of employment. This is a bill to encourage employer recalcitrance and bad working conditions.

Behind many of the measures before Congress is the idea of freezing the status quo in labor relations. This idea was foreshadowed in the Mediation Board's captive-mine decision. The majority said "recommendations . . . should be made in the light of the principle that the emergency should not be used either to tear down or to artificially stimulate the normal growth of unionism in defense industries." The defense program is artificially stimulating the growth of monopoly in industry, and from the standpoint of post-war reconstruction the only check on those enhanced monopoly influences is a strengthened labor movement. The principle which the Defense Mediation Board sought to lay down is socially unwise, and labor should fight it on these broad grounds.

More serious than any threat of bad legislation in Congress is the continued unwillingness of labor leaders to deviate an inch from carrying on trade-union "business as usual." There is no indication as yet that C. I. O. or A. F. of L. or the warring factions within each of them are ready to make the sacrifices necessary to end fratricidal quarrels and provide the "all-out" effort to which they, like big business, pay lip service. What if Green and Murray, for example, were to come together and set up their own joint system for compulsory arbitration of all jurisdictional disputes? What if they were separately or together to set up a central bureau for the study of defense production problems, from which constructive suggestions might be made? What if the C. I. O. were to accept the offer of labor advisory committees, instead of pouting about industry councils? The obstacles are well known, but they all spring from the fact that labor leadership is as backward as business leadership in recognizing the need for sacrifice and compromise. In China and in Libya, before Moscow and Rostov, the future of free labor and of the world is at stake while our labor leaders say privately, "Of course, it would be a good thing to have labor unity, but what about the United Construction Workers' Organizing Committee . . . ?"

Can Willkie Save His Party?

BY ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

THE Republican Party has failed to measure up to the obligations of the crisis. Though individuals have rejected the official line, the party, as a political group, has steadfastly opposed almost every measure before Congress to carry out a vigorous foreign policy, and generally by decisive majorities. It has systematically harassed, sabotaged, and obstructed the attempts of the Administration to work for the destruction of Nazism. The time has passed to ignore this fact in the cause of non-partisanship and national unity. The fact itself is too plain and ominous: American conservatism, so far as it is organized politically, has been hostile to an aggressive policy against Hitler.

I

The position of the Republican Party is not out of line with the historical probabilities. Indeed, it is the characteristic position of conservatism confronted by the menace of Hitler; only the Republicans are assuming it some years after most conservative parties in other lands have either repudiated the position or become its victims. The position itself should have surprised no one, except the perpetually surprised Marxists, whose theology requires —or at least required up to their Damascus vision of June 22—that big business conspire toward war. The experience of Britain and France has amply indicated the pattern of the impact of fascism on democratic society. The business community in general has tended to favor appeasing Hitler, while the liberal parties have tended to oppose him. In many respects the notions of the liberals as to how they should go about opposing Hitler were naive and confused; but at least the intention existed, while many members of the business community admired Hitler, and very few doubted their capacity to do business with him.

The British and French business men purchased this fleeting comfort at the cost of denying the crucial problem of the day. Their denial came from profound psychological necessities. With their power founded on finance and thus dependent on the preservation of a certain fabric of society, they dreaded change and were at the mercy of anyone promising protection. Their anxiety was so great that they rushed to accept any offer of security, no matter what the source. "Experience shows that the middle classes allow themselves to be plundered quite

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easily, provided a little pressure is brought to bear, and that they are intimidated by the fear of revolution," wrote Georges Sorel some years before World War I; "that party will possess the future which can most skilfully manipulate the specter of revolution." The plutocratic governments of Britain and France developed a foreign policy, based on middle-class cowardice, rationalized in terms of high morality—"redressing the injustices of Versailles" or "peace in our time"—and always yielding to the threat of violence. The consequences of this policy were inescapable. There is no better means, Clemenceau once remarked, than the policy of perpetual concessions to make "the opposite party ask for more and more. Every man or every power whose action consists solely in surrender can only finish by self-annihilation. Everything that lives resists; that which does not resist allows itself to be cut up piecemeal."

The government of the plutocracy doomed France. It enfeebled its resolution, destroyed its unity, crippled its will to resist, and hamstrung its means of resistance. In Britain the plutocracy was arrested in time. The shift from Chamberlain to Churchill was in effect a shift from a plutocracy to an aristocracy as a governing group. Chamberlain expressed accurately the sentiments of the British business classes—their longing for quiet, their hatred of violence, and their terror of social upheaval. The Birmingham plutocracy was trained to think in terms of business dealings and not of war, in terms of security and not of honor, in terms of class and not of nation; and when bargaining failed, and security disappeared, and class no longer mattered, Chamberlain and his business government were impotent. Their own methods had proved bankrupt, and when they turned to resistance as a last resort, it was in the dubious and half-hearted spirit which produced the celebrated "phony" war.

Churchill, whom the business community had always mistrusted, was a tougher breed. The antithesis between plutocracy and aristocracy may be too dramatic, and a century of amalgamation has blurred the sharpness of the distinction; but Churchill's instincts were certainly those of an imperial aristocracy, bold, vigorous, somewhat contemptuous of "trade," with power founded not on finance but on land and tradition, and schooled to standards alien to a plutocracy. There was much more to the world of the dissident Conservatives than the negotiation of mercantile contracts. They were devoted to an island and an empire rather than to particular business interests, and they were not afraid to fight. Their prestige was much less dependent on maintaining the fragile conventions of economic society which gave value to pieces of paper called "stocks" and "bonds" and "banknotes." Sustained by status and tradition, they did not crumple up before threats from abroad in the ignominious manner of the Chamberlain plutocracy. They are now providing Britain with a leadership for crisis.

II

The experience of Britain—the failure of Chamberlain and the emergence of Churchill—puts in sharp outline the dilemma of American conservatism. The United States has no genuine aristocracy. Its conservatism is practically all plutocratic, with scattered local exceptions—like Boston and Virginia—which are politically negligible. Since the disappearance of the Federalist Party of Hamilton and Adams, our conservatives have been moved by personal and class, rarely by national, considerations. We lack a business community, in the words of Sorel, "of serious moral habits, imbued with the feeling of its own dignity, and having the energy necessary to govern the country." Whereas in England the nation has been able to depend in moments of crisis on the almost feudal sentiments of the aristocracy for truly national government, in America we have had regularly to apply for such disinterested leadership to the radical democracy. The sense of public responsibility, the ability to inspire national confidence, the capacity to face imperative issues have been in the United States largely the property of the great democratic leaders: the Jeffersons, Jacksons, Lincolns, and Roosevelts, not the Fisher Ameses, the Daniel Websters, the Copperheads, or the Liberty Leaguers.

The Republican Party, then, is characteristically prey to the same anxieties and fears as the business groups in Britain and France; but there is no strong minority of dissident conservatives which might become an equivalent of the Churchill group—individuals, yes, but no organized political group. As Raoul de Roussy de Sales pointed out in his admirable article in the November *Atlantic,* citing a *Fortune* poll of business executives, "A large number of American business men are strongly inclined toward some form of appeasement, because they are quite convinced that they will survive and even benefit in a Nazi world." The problem of mobilizing conservatism against Hitler thus becomes more difficult in America than it was in England, for it is much easier to persuade a plutocracy to accept the leadership of an aristocracy than it is to persuade it to accept the leadership of a radical democracy. In other words, it is easier to induce the London City to accept Churchill than it is to induce the chambers of commerce to accept Roosevelt. The Republican Party still inclines not to believe in the crisis, just as it never, except for a few weeks in 1933, believed in the depression.

Now, in this moment of irresolution, Wendell Willkie comes on the stage in his gallant but lonely attempt to tell the Republican Party the facts of life. Willkie's self-appointed duty is to exorcise the fantasies of the Hoovers, Tafts, and Landons, and to cajole his party into taking an intelligent and effective position on the war. He is trying to point out to them that the future of liberty in America, not just the future of Franklin Roosevelt, is dependent on the defeat of Hitler; and he is

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pointing out further that the destruction of liberty will mean the end of freedom for business men as well as for labor leaders and brain trusters. He is trying to combat the fallacy that fascism cherishes a special tenderness for business. This fallacy is diligently propagated by the Nazis, who are intelligent enough to understand the value of division and confusion, and with equal diligence by the Marxists, who are incapable of analyzing any contemporary situation to any useful effect; and it is widely believed by business men, who find in it a further excuse to postpone what they most fear—decisive action *now*. Willkie's job is to eradicate this neat formula and to sell the business community the idea that it is as much to their interest as to Mr. Roosevelt's that Nazism be wiped from the earth. He has been carrying on an admirable fighting campaign; but the vote on the Neutrality Act shows how little effect his recent manifesto to Republicans had on the party. He is confronted by a trying and difficult problem.

III

Can the American past furnish any enlightenment on Mr. Willkie's crusade? History does, in fact, supply a situation with some instructive parallels: a party like the Republican Party, paralyzed by urgent issues it dared not face, and a man like Wendell Willkie, urging the party to lift its head out of the sand.

The conservative party in the United States in the 1830's and '40's was the Whig Party. It had developed to oppose the radicalism of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren in the name of the business classes. It was equipped with a fairly definite domestic program tailored for the business groups, and it tended to oppose rather blindly most suggestions for change. It stood for the same interests within the nation that the Republican Party stands for now.

During the 1840's the slavery issue grew in intensity and threatened to supersede the old issues of domestic policy. Many Whigs—and many Democrats—resenting the irresistible rise of a new problem, at first tried to ignore it, repeating pathetically their old slogans and old war cries in the face of the new actuality. But the problem of slavery was not to be thus put down. It became, in the end, as urgent and peremptory a question as Nazism today. Everyone in the nation had to come to a decision on it. Neutrality was just as unreal in 1858 as it is in 1941, and then, as today, those who preached neutrality were practicing appeasement.

How did the business community behave? Many business men had investments in the South, or depended on Southern markets, or were engaged in profitable activities somehow connected with the cotton trade; and many more simply dreaded the notion of war as too rude a shock to the existing order. The Cotton Whigs of Massachusetts, with their steady support of concession and compromise, expressed a characteristic business attitude. Such men professed to be "realistic" about the situation. They believed, in a favorite phrase of the day, in "calculating the value of the Union." They talked a great deal about the financial benefits of slavery and very little about its moral disadvantages. They were too much concerned with immediate social stability in terms of their special class status to understand what the forces were which provided the fundamental and enduring threat.

Wendell Willkie

In the meantime, many of the people who had been deeply filled with Jacksonian convictions about equal rights in the 1830's followed Martin Van Buren into the Free Soil Party of 1848. They were influenced by two important considerations. Their slowly maturing conception of American democracy would not tolerate so infamous an outrage on human rights as slavery; and their understanding of political actualities told them that their own program of reform could not move ahead until the slave power was destroyed. They reached their decision to fight slavery for much the same reasons that the followers of Franklin Roosevelt reached their decision to fight Nazism: it was the prescription of moral duty and political necessity. At the same time many Whigs, while not steeped in a tradition so profoundly colored by devotion to human rights, could also see both the issue of morality and the issue of liberty. They too felt that slavery was wrong, and that its power would endanger the freedom which was as essential to business as to democracy. The business-men appeasers, however, the Cotton Whigs, denounced the talk of the Declaration of Independence as "empty and glittering generalities"—much as their spiritual descendants denounce the Atlantic Charter—and sneered at the members of their own party who accepted it as "Conscience Whigs."

The leader of the Conscience Whigs was William H. Seward of New York. He bore about the same relation to the Jacksonian New Deal as Willkie bears to the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt: a steady and effective opponent, but a far less angry and embittered one than the Daniel Websters (or Herbert Hoovers). Seward had been quick to see the significance of the slavery issue. Like Willkie, he realized that the power of despotism had so grown that any compromise with it—moral or political—would be fatal to American democracy. And he labored with all his flaming eloquence and parliamentary shrewdness to lash the Whig Party into acknowledg-

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ing the problem of slavery and adopting an affirmative position on it. He was trying to save the Whig Party from itself, just as Willkie is trying today to save the Republican Party from itself.*

In the end Seward failed, and the Whig Party disappeared. The appeasement wing prevented the Sewards and Lincolns from making their party confront the urgent questions of the day. The Whig Party simply broke up because of its dissociation from the times. Seward proceeded to unite with his ancient foes, the Jacksonian Democrats, in forming a new party which would grapple with the crisis. In 1852 the Whig Party was one of the two great parties of the nation. In 1856 it was a memory.

IV

It is a rash man who would predict the disappearance of a political party. History has a way of rebuking premature obituaries, as those clairvoyants who promised the disappearance of the Democratic Party after 1928 or of the Republican Party after 1936 must know by now. But the past, if interpreted judiciously, may well illuminate the present; and it does not seem incautious to say that the Republican Party, now hesitating before the commanding figure of Mr. Willkie, is in much the same position that the Whig Party was before it rejected the advice of W. H. Seward. If the Republican Party does not follow the course recommended by Mr. Willkie, it is likely to follow the course taken by the Whigs of 1852.

History, if ever useful for guidance, can cover only tendencies, not details. But the splintering of old-fashioned Whiggery has a strange relevance today. The Whigs of 1852, one recalls, divided into three groups. The Conscience Whigs followed Seward into the new Republican Party. One wing of the plutocratic Whigs joined Buchanan in a candid appeasement party. The other swarmed into the Know-Nothing Party, which was based on nativism and religious discrimination.

If the Republican Party persists in its indifference to the world, it too will most likely disappear. The Conscience Republicans will follow Willkie into a party prepared to meet the crisis of our time. But today appeasement and nativism are united, and the rest of the Republicans may well join a new and more sinister Knowing-Nothing Party under Charles A. Lindbergh. A recent speech of Philip La Follette's contained ominous reference to an "American" Party, and the so-called America First Committee, in large part the baby of the Chicago plutocracy, is laying its plans for the elections of 1942.

Once parties begin to break up, they go with startling rapidity. If history provides any guidance, and if Willkie, like Seward, is prepared for the sake of the greater crisis to forgo the obsolete economic positions of which he has made so much in the past—"campaign oratory," one hopes—we may look for a reorganization of the parties: Willkie leading the Conscience Republicans into a union with the New Deal Democrats behind some progressive candidate in 1944, in opposition to the Know-Nothing and appeasement elements of both parties united behind someone like Lindbergh.

But many things may happen before 1944.

The Literature of the French Defeat†

Somewhere in France

FRENCH literature since July, 1940—that which appears in Paris with the permission of the propaganda ministry of Dr. Goebbels and that which appears in Vichy with the *bon à tirer* of the collaborators —explains the defeat of France in the sense that it reveals the fundamental attitude of a good half of the French ruling class.

Before the war it was generally believed both abroad and in France that despite the struggle of classes and parties France had passed the stage of revolution and counter-revolution and had found in its parliamentary republic a state of equilibrium. And indeed it is possible that this was the case from the time the Dreyfus Affair subsided until 1914. During that period the impression prevailed that all of France was republican, either by conviction or by interest.

During the business "boom" which marked the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth France had a period of relative peace in foreign affairs, at least in Europe, and internally an era of technical progress which brought with it a prodigious expansion of markets and of possibilities for profit-making. If it is true that these profits went almost

* It should be pointed out, as a kind of comic relief, that many of the more querulous radicals of the 1850's—like their counterparts today—were very much against resisting the slave power. Men like Fitzwilliam Byrdsall, historian of the Locofoco Party and leading land reformer, and John Commerford, prominent trade unionist, kept saying, in accents highly reminiscent of the Norman Thomases and Villards of today, that we should free the white slaves of the North before we tried to help the black slaves of the South (that is, "we must make democracy work at home before we can fight for it abroad"). These are fine feelings, but they are based on a failure of political intelligence. In 1858 you could not do much toward helping the white slaves of the North, as a political fact, until the conservative slave power was eliminated, just as in 1941 we cannot do much toward making democracy work at home until, as a precondition, Nazism is destroyed. History repeats itself on the left as well as on the right.

† For obvious reasons this article must remain anonymous.

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exclusively to the new business oligarchy, it is not less indisputable that the crumbs from the banquet table fell more or less everywhere; and the dominant note was one of moderation, even in the bosom of the socialist movement, which by then had been cornered by "revolutionaries of bourgeois temperament"—as Clemenceau called them—whose ambitions went no farther than a bureaucratic state socialism.

This state of affairs lasted as long as business was good, but when the period of economic and financial penitence set in, the two Frances of 1789, the two Frances of 1830, of 1848, of the Commune, and of Versailles, once again faced each other as enemies. Year by year during the period from 1919 to 1939 the cleavages became more pronounced. The victories of the left bloc in 1924 and later in 1932 and above all the triumph of the Popular Front in 1936 were indications on the electoral plane of the growing exasperation of the masses at the increasing provocation of the reactionary right. It was the misfortune of the democratic and parliamentary republic that the governments which followed these three elections did not know how to extirpate the fundamental causes of the social and political disease which ravaged France.

In 1938, one year before the war, the experiment of the Popular Front was practically finished, with the dangerous consequence that the ties of solidarity between the mass of the working people, the government, and social institutions were loosened. From then on France was plunged in civil war, the first manifestations of which were the managerial sabotage of the social and financial projects of the government—the undermining of the franc by the shipping abroad of private gold reserves* and the flight of money—and the appearance upon the scene of belligerent fascist organizations which by their provocations and their attempted riots threatened social discipline and democratic institutions. The war with Nazi Germany, far from delivering France from the specter of civil war, intensified the internal struggle, for the war itself is a civil war of world-wide dimensions. The imperialist character of the war was important to both sides—the aggressors desiring to impose their hegemony upon Europe while the others wished to maintain an advantageous status quo—but its ideological character was and is even more important.

A large part of the French ruling class wanted to avoid war at any cost, since it was greatly to be feared that the struggle against Hitler and Mussolini might become a war for liberty and democracy. A young writer of the right, M. Maulnier, expressed the sentiments of an important part of the French bourgeoisie, the sentiments particularly of higher military circles, when he said in September, 1938: "One of the reasons for the very evident repugnance for war displayed by the right-wing parties, sensitive as they are on the question of national safety and honor, and hostile as they instinctively are toward Germany, is that these parties have the impression not only that the defeat and devastation of France are possible, but that the defeat of Germany would mean the overthrow of the authoritarian systems which constitute the main bulwark against Communist revolution and possibly against the immediate bolshevization of Europe." The sinister witticism of a right-wing deputy, "I would rather see, in the Place de la Concorde, the helmets of the Uhlans than the caps of the workers," took on its full meaning in 1938-39. A reactionary Parisian deputy, Pierre Taittinger, writes in a book on the causes of the defeat that the heart of France flinched before the force of German arms, but how could it have been otherwise when half of the French ruling class was morally in the camp of the enemy, while the other half, even after May 10, 1940, did not believe in the war and, as the former minister M. Frossard has said, awaited a compromise?

Post-capitulation French literature is a more or less open apology for the Hitler ideology and for German force; it expresses a moral capitulation which gives the key to the military and political capitulation. I do not refer only to books by men long known for their fascist sympathies nor do I refer only to such propaganda pamphlets as "How the Peace Was Assassinated" by the reactionary deputy from Bordeaux, M. Henriot, which might have come straight from the back rooms of Goebbels's office. I shall leave aside also the outpourings of Charles Maurras, pontiff of the Vichy *ordre moral,* whose every statement breathes his ancient and tenacious hate for the republican regime. I speak rather of those who formerly wrapped themselves in republican and even socialist banners but who today are unable to speak of the republic without an attack of hysteria.

What were the arguments of the French right, which, although kept from office by the electorate, yet retained formidable power by being master of the Banque and the Bourse, the Academy and the press, the army and the church? Raymond Recouly, who passes for being one of the best French analysts of our time, has attempted to develop these arguments in a book called "Les Causes de notre effondrement." M. Recouly has the presumption to reproach the French and British statesmen who were in power in 1939 for having injected into foreign affairs the opinions and feelings which inspired their internal policies. If M. Recouly had a minimum of intellectual honesty, he would recognize that the only fault of the heads of the French Popular Front, particularly Léon Blum, whom he holds to be the person most responsible for the collapse of France, was that in 1936 they were against war, that they obstinately clung to the illusion that a peaceful settlement with Hitler remained possible,

* This was allowed by the Popular Front government.

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and that they thus allowed themselves to be surprised by a war for which they had not adequately prepared. M. Recouly, on the contrary, represents them as having desired war and as having used partisan passion to bring it on. But in the course of his exposition his own partisan passion makes him say three things the absurdity of which is apparent to anyone who gives the facts a cursory examination: (1) that it was impossible to rely on the Soviet Union, even to the smallest extent; (2) that America could not be counted on; (3) that Italy was the natural ally of France.

Since June, 1941, no Frenchman can fail to appreciate the value of the Russian alliance, which the right, and M. Bonnet in particular, deliberately sabotaged and destroyed. The heroism of the Soviet armies, the extraordinary morale of the Russian people, the strength of Russian industry, the magnitude of Russian preparations—all these have been established beyond dispute by the events of the past summer; and they make it possible to assert that France, England, and Soviet Russia, acting in concert, would have been perfectly capable of winning the war. As for the assertion that the United States could not be counted on, that also is contradicted by the facts of this war and of the last. At most, we can grant that M. Recouly was not alone in this view inasmuch as General Weygand made use of the same argument when he urged the Ministerial Council to ask for an armistice. Indeed, the generalissimo of the Allied armies believed that the United States could not be counted on and that no importance should be attached to President Roosevelt's reply to M. Reynaud's appeal. (The other cardinal argument of General Weygand was that Great Britain was incapable of holding out for more than two weeks longer.)

There remains the question of Italy. Coming from the pen of a right-wing writer, this argument is laughable, for it must not be forgotten that the rupture—more psychological than political—between France and Italy dates not from the Popular Front but from the National Front. The most violent anti-French manifestations in Italy took place not in 1936 but in 1920 and 1927. It was Clemenceau, Foch, and Poincaré who embroiled Franco-Italian relations and offered Mussolini the pretext for an anti-French policy, which did not take its inspiration from the incidents of Fiume or eastern disillusionments but from Fascist aspirations to the Mediterranean Sea and North Africa.

Among the causes of the French collapse M. Recouly could not avoid mention of military reverses, but here he treads very gingerly, as though the terrain were mined. In this he is unfaithful to Marshal Foch—of whom he is the biographer—who said that the key to military history is to be found in general staffs. M. Recouly has not the curiosity to seek the causes of the military defeat in the General Staff of the French army. Certainly what he says of the inferiority of the forces in the field, of their lack of training and matériel (*"du vieux contre le neuf"*), of the passivity of the High Command is important. But he still does not explain the crumbling of the military power of France in a forty-five-day battle which did not see one single episode that could be compared to Verdun or to the resistance of the Russians before Odessa, Moscow, or Leningrad.

M. Taittinger, in the book already cited, goes farther than M. Recouly; he writes, "The short-sightedness and stupidity of our General Staff appalls us; one wonders how it was possible to assemble such a collection of numskulls." Jacques-Benoit Mechin goes still farther in a strange book called "La Moisson de quarante." In disgust for the things which he saw during the Battle of France, he proclaims himself anti-militarist and anti-bourgeois, a statement which he would have regretted after becoming Admiral Darlan's Under Secretary of State if anti-militarism with regard to Germany were not perfectly agreeable to Vichy so long as one remains ultra-militarist toward Stalin.

Henri Bidou's book, "La Bataille de France," is neither an indictment nor a defense; the author, for fear of wounding his masters, abstains from all personal judgment. Yet the picture he gives of the battle which began on May 10, 1940, to end forty-five days later with three-quarters of the country occupied by the enemy, is in itself an accusation. In the estimation of M. Bidou, the *Reichswehr* conducted the battle with disconcerting simplicity—one break through at a weak point along the immense front, followed immediately by a tremendous push at that point which obliged the entire line to fall back. These tactics, for all their simplicity, were met with no effective counter-tactics. The French allowed themselves to be surprised on the Meuse; they were weak in Flanders and on the Somme; they offered no resistance at all on the Seine and on the Loire.

If the scribblers who have the right to be heard in that great Prussianized prison which is France today are somewhat reserved when discussing the military conduct of the war, they observe no such restraint when they consider its political conduct. Accusation follows accusation—without weighing very heavily—in a group of books that includes Pierre Dignac's "Les Malfaiteurs publics," Roger Ferdinand's "Ces messieurs de hier," Jean Montigny's "La Défaite," and Paul Allard's "Les Responsables du désastre." An exception must, however, be made of the journal which Anatole de Monzie has published under the title "Ci-devant," a book which reveals the decadence of republican morals. A writer of considerable acuteness, M. de Monzie is a politician whose ambitions, though held in check, are inordinate. From 1938 to 1940, in the ministries of Edouard Daladier and of Paul Reynaud, he was a *mou intrépide* in the defense of the Nazi and especially of the fascist thesis

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In the name of a so-called "Franco-Italian vocation" he constituted himself, in the government, in Parliament, and in the press, the advocate of Mussolini, his confidential agent, his "eye." M. de Monzie's case is interesting in that it reveals the secret of governmental impotence. M. de Monzie's political conceptions had little in common with those of Daladier; they were exactly opposed to those of Reynaud. Yet he was in the Cabinets of both men; in fact, there were in these Cabinets several other De Monzies, with consequences that one can guess.

The Cabinet meetings at which the author of "Ci-devant" allows us to be present give the impression of a wretched motley gathering. The Premier was not a leader, barely a moderator. Each of the ministers had a policy which he endeavored, both within the Cabinet and outside, to make triumph. From September, 1938, on the government was split between the Bonnet clique and the sharply opposed Reynaud clique, while Premier Daladier's *esprit flottant* in its eternal incertitude vacillated between the two. As war approached, and also after it broke out, these divisions, far from disappearing, grew worse, and a deadly hate pitted the ministers against one another. The inevitable result was a total absence of direction, total paralysis of action.

To sum up: the Parliament, as M. de Monzie says, was nothing but a complicated system of rites; the political leaders were constrained constantly to compromise between for and against; the military chiefs were defeatist. Under date of May 27 M. de Monzie reduces to these words a report made to the Cabinet by General Weygand: "It is defeat which he describes." Two days later he notes that Marshal Pétain "has no doubt about the outcome." There certainly, quite aside from pro-Nazi treason, are the reasons for the collapse of France.

The current literature of Paris and Vichy would lead one to believe that, little by little, France has become acclimated to defeat and now breathes easily in it. A falsehood! The violence of repression in both zones testifies to the contrary. It is from a peasant that I borrow the words with which I conclude this account. We were speaking of the execution of hostages in Paris, of Vichy's guillotine shedding the blood of patriots, and the peasant said to me, "My friend, I tell you that a gust of wind like that is a sign of such a tempest as in 1789."

The Undiscoverables

BY RALPH BATES

VII. The Undiscoverables (Part 2)

NO ONE among the crowd gathered in the piazza offered to close the church door. Not a voice suggested closing it, though the danger was in everyone's mind. The rectangle of dim light shone like a huge but feeble apparition beyond the trees.

"Who can have lit the candles?" each man asked his neighbor, to be answered with another question, "Why should anyone have lit them?"

The Church of Our Lady of Sorrows had been left open upon the order of the parish priest. For a while a few people had knelt in the unlighted church, before the unburdened trestles upon which first the ceremonial catafalque and then the coffin had rested. The only illumination had been the red brooding eyes of the sanctuary lamps and the blue light morosely winking in the side chapel of the Immaculate Conception. About ten o'clock the last suppliant had left the church.

In the piazza numerous groups had gathered, quietly discussing the day and its crop of rumors. The people in the square had heard someone moving in the empty church and had assumed from the nature of the sounds that Bencivenni was moving the catafalque trestles, the four great candlesticks, and the mock coffin back to the dismantled chapel in which they were kept. No one had paid any attention until it was noticed, several minutes later, that a faint light was emerging from the church door. Within the church the four tall mourning candles had been lit. The catafalque had been replaced on the trestles and the shroud draped over it. The church was empty.

"Who can have lit the candles?" everyone murmured.

"And why, tell me that?" The only suggestions that had any element of reason in them were that a relative of one of the other dead Fascists had lit the candles in an unbalanced act of mourning, or that someone kin to Blackbeard had wished to honor the dead goatherd. No one thought of extinguishing the candles or of closing the church door. Eh, but why should a relative of one of the Fascists do such a curious thing? The parish priest had said a special mass for the souls of the dead men; there was nothing to hinder the traditional pieties. If anyone's grief or dignity needed greater expression, there was no obstacle. And who could be mourning Maniscalco? His sons were in the cell yonder, anchored down beneath a mountain of ironware, lashed into silence by Mori, who now brooded, sick in body and mind, in his whitened villa on the hill. Blackbeard's wife was dead these three years. And, again, this was not an act to

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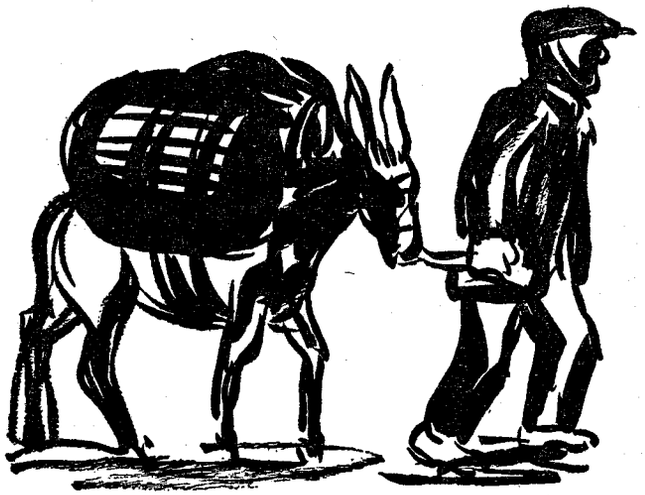
profit any man's soul in purgatory. The parish priest, they did not doubt, would have said a quiet mass for Maniscalco if anyone had asked him, and that without fee. Who, then, had appropriated part of this fanfaring day to his own grief? He must have known, too, that his act would dim all the speeches and the funeral music into insignificance. The church door, at which they all gazed, shone like a vague apparition.

Eh, but think a little minute, my sirs! The fellow who did this must be a tough and nonchalant sort of an uncle,



Drawing by John Groth

with a few quirks of his own, to say the least. "It looks like spite to me," Santangelo said, raising his voice as he turned away to join another group.

Bedda matri! Who had so coolly thumbed his nose, and right in front of the high altar, at the authorities? Look at it how you would, it was a defiance. A pretty thoroughgoing fellow had something on his mind that more than irked him. This wasn't like scribbling *a bassa il fascismo* on the bottom of an upturned boat. This wasn't a piece of nonsense like going to mass on the King's birthday.

Bencivenni, in his secular trousers and shirt, hurried through the growing crowd toward the huge, moonlit structure. He closed the church door, and everyone pictured him removing the catafalque and the four candles. Well, that wouldn't do any good, except to Bencivenni. The thing was done now, and it wouldn't be forgotten in a long while. Long after the sexton had returned to his house the loiterers discussed the event. It put out of mind even that afternoon's disturbing news that the cursed English were not going to surrender as the French had done. It took precedence over the unwelcome presence at the funeral of a German—dressed in neat gray uniform.

"There will be many dead men to mourn with candles before long," a voice said; "perhaps all Italy."

No one took much notice of the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* or of Lieutenant Varchi, who had taken over Don Cataldo's job, not even when Stefani ordered Chiesa to disperse the crowd. Chiesa was not immediately obeyed when he wandered from group to group. The gossipers merely broke up and joined other groups in another corner of the square. When the lieutenant strolled back to the Town Hall, however, they began to drift away. Santangelo remained sprawled on his back on a broken bench in the piazza near the little bust of Mazzini.

"The lieutenant said to go home," Chiesa mumbled, fiddling with his belt. He did not come within six paces of the fisherman.

"Why should I go home? I'm not talking to anyone."

"Well, that wasn't . . ."

"I'm just thinking, Chiesa."

"Thinking?"

"That's right."

Chiesa half turned his body and shuffled his feet. "You've heard the order," he said.

"I can think better out here."

"Well . . ." The Fascist sat down on the bench opposite Santangelo. For a long time neither spoke. Santangelo yawned quietly several times.

"What are you thinking about, Santangelo?" Chiesa's hoarse whisper suddenly broke the silence.

"A Blackshirt asks me what I'm thinking! Holy Virgin!"

"Eh, what does it matter? Keep it to yourself. Perhaps you *weren't* thinking." Chiesa spoke irritably but quietly.

"Oh, yes, I was. I was thinking about Maniscalco."

"Ah, Blackbeard," the Fascist muttered.

"Not Blackbeard. Maniscalco. He only had a beard for a week."

"That's what he's called. One name's as good as another," Chiesa said in an indifferent tone.

"They sent you up there on the headland to watch out for him, Chiesa."

"Yes. He . . ." Chiesa stopped and fidgeted on the seat.

"Tell that to your grandmother," Santangelo murmured. Both men were silent again.

"Well, I'll be going home," Santangelo said without rising. "A man can *think* better lying on his back, as if he were on his boat looking up at the Three Kings."

"You can't see the Three Kings from this hole of a place," Chiesa said, glancing at the sky. "The church hides them."

"A Blackshirt and an ex-farmer who talks about the stars!"

"Why not? You think you sprat-catchers are the only wise ones. I used to squint at the Three Kings out of my bedroom window. When they got pale it was time to get up and go to the fields."

"I don't want to talk about such things. And who are you to talk of fields even? You should speak of graveyards." Santangelo got up and strolled away.

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At his door Santangelo looked back before entering iis house. He stood behind the door until he heard the quiet sound of careful steps and the brushing of a holter against the wall. As the steps drew level, he opened he door swiftly. In the darkness of the room the fisherman was the first to speak. His voice trembled a little.

"So you've come."

"Yes," Chiesa said hoarsely.

"There's no reason why a man shouldn't visit anyone e chooses. Even a Blackshirt may do that," Santangelo ontinued.

"No. There's no reason."

"No reason *at all* why he shouldn't."

"Nor any reason why he should, Santangelo," Chiesa enced. "Nor why a man shouldn't entertain anyone he hooses." The two men might have been pushing a iecker piece backward and forward upon a board. But ie checker piece was one that might explode like a omb. Santangelo walked softly across the room and pened the window shutter a few inches.

"Sit down, man," he whispered. Nunzio Chiesa reained standing. Presently the fisherman said, "I've been atching you, Blackshirt. You weren't at the funeral."

"I took a walk."

"Ah! Others would have liked to take a walk instead listening to speeches long as man's woe."

"I suppose so. I went up to my farm."

"I thought that was where you had gone."

"Why shouldn't I go there?" The exaggerated intonaon threatened to make difficulties in that it seemed to vert the conversation into a side channel. If Chiesa was aying cunning or wary he was overplaying in sugsting readiness to discuss his going to the farm.

"Don't be a fool, man," Santangelo sighed. "Why ouldn't you go to the farm, even though you came wn here years ago with your tail between your legs."

"Of course. Why shouldn't I go? It was my place. A an remembers the old places," Chiesa said in an indifrent voice, as if bored.

That was better. Chiesa wouldn't be really bored, talkg with Santangelo in the darkness, in a house he had t visited in so many years.

"Then, again, why should you go?"

"I didn't go to the funeral."

"I *had* to go. You had leave to go home and rest, cause of your cut mouth?"

"Well, I could have got leave. I wanted to be alone."

"Sometimes a man wants to be alone. Other times he nts to talk with people."

"That's right."

"The right people. Some people ruffle a man, or weary n, or they're indifferent to him, no matter what they or do."

"Of course."

[*Continued on page 594*]

In the Wind

THE EDITORS of *Time* spent several weeks preparing the article about Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune,* which appears in the December 1 issue. In anticipation of the story, McCormick recently struck back at *Time* by publishing a long account of the settlement of a libel suit brought against it by Curtis Dall, former son-in-law of President Roosevelt. *Time,* the *Tribune* story ran, "had to make a heavy settlement, it is said in the publishing trade, not only because the Dall story was untrue, but because its stock in trade was printing vicious falsehoods and untruths to appeal to the malicious minds of possible readers and thereby gain circulation."

GOVERNOR TALMADGE of Georgia, who has been persecuting educators that believe in racial equality, recently went to Cuba. Before boarding a plane in Miami he told Florida newspapermen that he hoped "he would be granted the privilege of a meeting with Colonel Batista." Batista is more than half Negro.

THE UNITED CONSTRUCTION WORKERS (C. I. O.), which recently conducted a strike of building employees at Yale, will make its next drive at Notre Dame.

SENATOR HUGH BUTLER, Nebraska isolationist, cost the American public over $6,000 last week by franking 300,000 copies of a speech by Herbert Hoover. Butler put the speech in the *Congressional Record,* then got quantity printing at cost. The speech recommended shipping food to Europe.

AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES of an interview in which he appeared to be taking an intelligent interest, Marshal Pétain suddenly nodded, came to with a start, and feebly inquired of the American correspondent who was questioning him, *"Qui êtes-vous?"*

THE C. I. O. convention in Detroit met in a hall into which the 494 delegates and their guests could barely fit. A member of the arrangements committee said that a small meeting place had been chosen intentionally; a larger building, it was felt, would have been an open invitation to the local automobile workers to attend the convention and, if the occasion offered, stage a pitched battle with the large group of non-delegate miners who attended.

BILLED FOR LECTURES as an "organizer of the American Eagle Squadron of the R. A. F.," Colonel Charles Sweeney has been making a speaking tour through the Middle West. His audiences have had a difficult time figuring out just where he stands. Among the statements he has made are: "I have for Colonel Lindbergh the deepest admiration, and nobody can deny he has rendered great service to his country"; "The bombardments of Berlin have improved the morale of the Germans"; De Gaulle is hated by the French because he has taken up arms against his own nation."

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in November goes to F. M. of Atlanta, Georgia, for his story about the FBI aiding labor, published on November 29.*]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Why Any Dollar-a-Year Men?

ON THE afternoon before John L. Lewis accepted the mediation which ended the coal strike Philip Murray cried out in the C. I. O. convention hall in Detroit against the dollar-a-year men. But what he said about gentlemen playing philanthropist to Uncle Sam got very little attention, being overshadowed by the bigger issue of the strike. The whole silly business of the dollar-a-year men seems steadily to have escaped the attention it deserves. It was ridiculous a year ago. I remember writing a piece in protest which went on this page. The system was six months old then. Perhaps, as Mr. Murray charges, dollar-a-year men have got privately fat on their public philanthropy since, but that does not make the dollar-a-year system any more fatuous than it was in the beginning. Dollar-a-yearing is not bad because there are contract snatchers in the tribe. If they were all selfless patriots, the system would still be absurd. At its best it is a cheap system for elevating plutocrats in a democracy making war.

I can understand how Mr. Murray suspects the whole breed. Obviously only the well-to-do can work for nothing. That, of course, does not mean that none of the well-to-do can work well. And every sensible person knows that not all the dollar-a-year men are in Washington as patriots because they are working on the inside to "get juicy contracts for the companies they are privileged to represent." Most of them, I think, are honestly anxious to help not merely themselves but America. But I don't think it helps America to let it seem that they are doing America a great favor while other equally useful men are being favored by a place on the government pay roll.

Actually the salaries they save the government amount to practically nothing. If there were a thousand of them in Washington worth at government pay levels $10,000 a year apiece, the sum of their salaries would be a trivial detail in the spending for defense. The fact is, however, that when you get men for nothing, some of them are going to be worth exactly that. Some of them merely clutter office space in a Washington which is crying for space. And all of them form a group which has been made to seem somehow superior to equally hard-working people who need their pay to feed themselves while they work.

The fact that Mr. Murray dislikes some of them because they are unsympathetic to labor is beside the more important point. It is even irrelevant that some of them may be stealing, or at least pushing government contracts toward their pockets. If they were all the noblest citizens of this republic, their absence from the republic's legitimate pay roll for legitimate work would make a distinction in service in Washington which ought not to exist. The best dollar-a-year men in Washington are not too good or too rich to take Uncle Sam's pay. If the government's pay standards seem inadequate by their past earnings, that is also true of a good many young men who have recently been sweating in the maneuvers at $21 a month. If they are intent upon philanthropy, there are a multitude of good causes which need the money. Secretary Morgenthau has no rule against government employees buying defense bonds. The U. S. O. has an open hand.

The question is not how bad some dollar-a-year men may be, but why in the name of democratic America there are any dollar-a-year men at all. The saving in salaries is negligible in a many-billion-dollar war, even if that saving is not offset, as gossip says it is, by expense allowances. There ought not to be anybody in America too high or too proud to be called to Washington to work for the government for the government's pay. The President takes his pay check. He deserves every dime of it; he is employed by the people, is one of the people's servants. Nobody else is too big to be brought to Washington in a similar employee-employer relationship to all the people of the United States at a time when the country has a right to call for the services of any man alive.

If Mr. Murray is right about the pushing of private privilege by dollar-a-year men, some investigations may be needed. There may even be a call for cells in the jails. But it is not necessary to be a dollar-a-year man to be a crook. If all the dollar-a-year men were dispensed with selfishness would not be abolished. The important result of getting rid of the dollar-a-year system would be that we should get rid of an undemocratic, unfair, unnecessary, and unproductive distinction in the government service, the distinction between men who need their pay and men who don't, though both may be making an equal contribution to the security of democracy. This country needs its best brains, not its cheapest ones, and if it is going to save democracy in Washington as well as in the world it could make a good start by disgorging this one-dollar distinction.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Snow

BY W. R. RODGERS

Out of the gray air grew snow and more snow
Soundlessly in nonillions of flakes
Commingling and sinking negligently
To ground, soft as froth and easy as ashes
Alighting, closing the ring of sight. And,
Silting, it augmented everything
Furring the bare leaf, blurring the thorn,
Fluffing, too, the telephone-wire, padding
All the paths and boosting boots, and puffing
Big over rims, like boiling milk, meekly
Indulging the bulging hill, and boldly
Bolstering the retiring hole, until
It owned and integrated all. And then
Snow stopped, disclosing anonymity
Imposed, the blank and blotless sea in which
Both dotted tree and dashing bird were sunk,
And anchored ground and rocking grass engrossed.

And soon the knock and hiss of cistern ceased as
Gradually with inklings and wrinkling strings
Of ice the thickening cold anchored the skin
And slow core of water, gluing and glossing
All leaks, niggling or great, naked or guarded.
Long snaughters of ice at the tap's snout hung
Jagged and stiff like straw-ends this hard morning.
At every vent things hesitated, here,
In conforming holes and huts, the shy creatures
Shrank from issuing, and, rooted together,
Stood arrested and irresolute at doors,
Peppering with peepings the surprising fields—
Fox in knoll, fowl in house, heifer in hovel.

Only the bull, dubious and delicate, stalked
In his paddock, distrust spiking his blind steps.
His spinning eye, his spoked glances, glinted and
Tilted. His horn gored and scorned the ground, and
scored
The oak, and fans of vapor jetted and jumped
Stiffly from nostrils, incensing the loose snow
Like smoke, and powdering his knees. Noisily,
On the sleeked lake onlookers lingered in ring
Round the single and deferent skater lean-
ing over in flight, like grass slanted by wind,
Foot-engrossed, locked in his own looking-glass
Of conscious joy and evident finery
Of movement, forgetful of outer voices.
Forgetful of venom, of fame, of laughter,
Of flouting Evil and of touting Good that
Waited woodenly for him like tormentors
At the end and edge of his dream, to waken
And claim him. So he slid on, as we all do,
Forgetting the morrow, forgetting too
The marrow of water in the bone of ice
(Like the worm in the wood), the liquefaction
And friction in all fixed things, virtue in vice,
The bomb domanial in the dome of blue.

The Pier

BY W. R. RODGERS

Only a placid sea, and
A pier where no boat comes,
But people stand at the end
And spit into the water,
Dimpling it, and watch a dog
That chins and churns back to land.

I had come here to see
Humbug embark, deported,
Protected from the crowd.
But he has not come today.
And anyway there is no boat
To take him. And no one cares.
So Humbug still walks our land
On stilts, is still looked up to.

Our Lady Peace

BY MARK VAN DOREN

How far is it to peace, the piper sighed,
The solitary, sweating as he paused.
Asphalt the noon; the ravens, terrified,
Fled carrion thunder that percussion caused.

The envelope of earth was powder loud;
The taut wings shivered, driven at the sun.
The piper put his pipe away and bowed.
Not here, he said. I hunt the love-cool one,

The dancer with the clipped hair. Where is she?
We shook our heads, parting for him to pass.
Our lady was of no such trim degree,
And none of us had seen her face, alas.

She was the very ridges we must scale,
Securing the rough top. And how she smiled
Was how our strength would issue. Not to fail
Was having her, gigantic, undefiled,

For homely goddess, big as the world that burned,
Grandmother and taskmistress, field and town.
We let the stranger go; but when we turned
Our lady lived, fierce in each other's frown.

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The Gothic South

A CURTAIN OF GREEN. By Eudora Welty. With an Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE definite Gothic quality which characterizes so much of the work of writers from the American South has puzzled critics. Is it the atmosphere of the *roman noir,* so skilfully transferred to America by Poe? Or is it a true and indigenous atmosphere of decaying feudalism? Faulkner treats the horrifying and ambiguous situations thrown up by a background which has much in common with nineteenth-century Russia in a style darkened and convoluted by, it would seem, the very character of his material. Eudora Welty, who is a native and resident of Mississippi, in the stories of this volume has instinctively chosen another method which opens and widens the field and makes it more amenable to detached observation. She proceeds with the utmost simplicity and observes with the most delicate terseness. She does not try mystically to transform or anonymously to interpret. The parallel forced upon us, particularly by those of Miss Welty's stories which are based on an oblique humor, is her likeness to Gogol.

The tramp musicians, the inhabitants of a big house (either mad, drunk, or senile), the idiots and ageless peasant women, the eccentric families tyrannized over by an arch-eccentric, the pathetic and ridiculous livers of double lives, even the Negro band leader with his sadism and delusion of grandeur —all these could come out of some broken-down medieval scene, and all could be treated completely successfully—with humorous detachment, combined with moments of tenderness and roaring farce—by the author of "The Inspector General" and "Dead Souls." Like Gogol, Miss Welty opens the doors and describes the setting, almost inch by inch. She adds small detail to small detail: the fillings in people's teeth, the bright mail-order shirts of little boys, the bottles of Ne-Hi, the pictures of Nelson Eddy hung up like icons. We see what happens to representatives of an alien commercial world—here, traveling salesmen: how they become entangled against their will in this scene, which goes on under its own obscure decomposing laws; or dissolve back into it, symbolically enough, in delirium and death. Even the women in the beauty parlor have a basic place in the composition; they are not so much modernly vulgar as timelessly female—calculating, shrewd, and sharp. Miss Welty's method can get everything in; nothing need be scamped, because of romantic exigencies, or passed over, because of rules of taste. Temperamentally and by training she has become mistress of her material by her choice of one exactly suitable kind of treatment, and—a final test of a writer's power—as we read her, we are made to believe that she has hit upon the only possible kind. But it is a method, in Miss Welty's hands, only suitable for her Southern characters on their own ground. The one story dealing with the North, Flowers for Marjorie, goes completely askew.

Katherine Anne Porter, in her preface, surveys with much insight the nature and scope of and the dangers attendant upon the specialized talent of the writer of short stories. She warns against "the novel," a form held up to the short-story writer as a baited trap. She does not warn against the other trap, the commercial short story, and the other tempter, "the agent." It seems impossible that Miss Welty, equipped as she is, should fall into line and produce the bloated characters and smoothed-out situations demanded by "commercial" publications. But other finely equipped persons have given in. As for the novel, she needs only the slenderest unifying device, something analogous to "a smart *britchka,* a light spring-carriage of the sort affected by bachelors, retired lieutenant colonels, staff captains, landowners possessed of about a hundred souls," to produce one whenever she wishes.

LOUISE BOGAN

Literature of Democracy

FOUNTAINHEADS OF FREEDOM. By Irwin Edman in Collaboration with Herbert W. Schneider. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.75.

PROFESSOR EDMAN, with the assistance of his colleague, Professor Schneider, has performed an invaluable service in arranging this anthology of democratic literature. Beginning with the Hebrew prophets and the Greek philosophers, the anthology follows the development of democratic thought in its various facets, through the classical, the medieval, and the modern period. Judicious selections are given from Amos and Micah, from Plato and Aristotle, from John of Salisbury and Marsilio of Padua, from Calvin and Milton.

There are some grateful surprises in the collection; for material is used which has not always been fully appreciated in the history of democratic thought. The debate between Rainsborough and Ireton on whether the franchise should be limited to owners of property, for instance, is taken from the Putney debates, which record the clashing points of view of various types of democrats in Cromwell's army. Gerrard Winstanley, the left-wing leader of the Cromwellian period, is also included, and properly so. The relation between Cromwellian radicalism and contemporary equalitarianism has not been fully appreciated. It may be worth mentioning in passing that Professor George H. Sabine has recently brought out the complete works of Winstanley, a very important contribution to the history of radical thought.

America is represented by Jefferson, Emerson, Thoreau, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, and John Dewey. One wonders why Roger Williams and James Madison were omitted. It is of course very easy to quarrel with specific choices in such a collection, however much the collection as a whole commends itself. Does Thomas Hobbes deserve inclusion in an anthology of democratic thought? He may have believed that government is derived from the consent of the people, but he also believed that they lost their authority over government irrevocably with the contract which establishes government. That is a very minimal contribution, if any, to democratic theory. The later Scottish, Dutch, and French Calvinists—who are not included—would seem to deserve recognition rather than John Calvin, who, after all, allowed only the camel's nose of democracy into the tent of his system. Also the contributions of Thomistic constitutional theory are not recognized. But these are minor criticisms; on the whole the choice of material is excellent.

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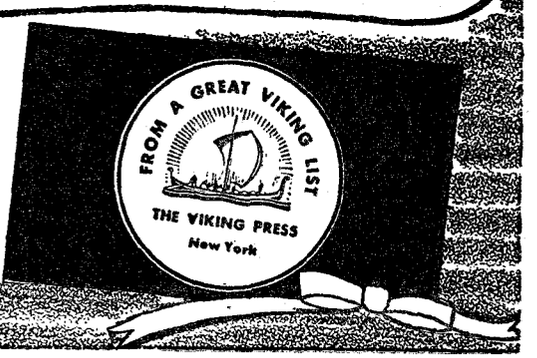

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The author, or authors, provide the anthology with an excellent introduction in which the development of democratic theory in its relation to living history is illumined. The eternal tension between the principle of liberty and the principle of authority is traced in its various historical forms. It is clearly recognized that libertarian conceptions of liberty must give way to more collectivist conceptions as society moves from its agrarian past to the high intensity of social cohesion and the centralization of political and economic power of a technical and industrial age. The question is, on the one hand, how we are to "abridge liberty for liberty's sake," and, on the other, how we are to "save the individual from being oppressed by the very machinery which is instituted to render him secure."

In discussing these problems in detail the authors preserve a very good balance. It is the more surprising, therefore, that the basic logic of democracy is defined in one-sided terms. We are told: "The end of government remains liberty. It is an instrument of as rich and varied life, and as rich and varied lives, as may be possible where men willy-nilly and for better or worse live together. They live together willy-nilly because it is impossible to retreat into self-sufficiency, caught as all men are in the network of economic, mechanical, and social relations into which all men are born."

This would make it appear that society is a necessary evil and that community is required only for the satisfaction of men's outward necessities. Community is, as a matter of fact, as much a requirement of man's true nature as is liberty. The uniqueness of each man demands liberty, whereas his social character, his inability to fulfil himself except in his fellows, demands community. The end of government is therefore not liberty but liberty and community; and these two ends both support and contradict each other, and will always do so.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Thyssen Explains

I PAID HITLER. By Fritz Thyssen. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

IT IS with a feeling of distrust and disgust that one puts down these memoirs of the once powerful German industrialist who financed Hitler for many years, became a Nazi in 1931, and then—after Hitler's succession to power with the help of his money and his intrigues—a member of the yes-men's Reichstag and Göring's lofty State Council, which likewise soon had no other function than to listen. Thyssen remained Hitler's partner in crime much longer than Hermann Rauschning—whose writings do not deserve the ill fate of being mentioned in the same breath with those of the steel magnate. At the outbreak of the present war Thyssen fled to Switzerland and France, and though he gives many reasons for his flight, one has the impression that the whole story is not told and that his anti-war attitude is only part of it. Here, as in many other personal confessions, the explanations obscure rather than clarify.

In Monte Carlo the prominent refugee, to use the word for once in an ironical sense, concocted, with the help of the Hungarian journalist Emery Reves, this hodge-podge account of why he financed Hitler, served him, and broke with him. His answers to these questions are incomplete, and that is, to a degree, understandable. But they are often unbelievable, too, and sometimes obviously untrue. Yet the book, precisely because of its great shortcomings, gives an involuntary and therefore extremely interesting self-portrait of a great industrialist with a minimum of brains who played a decisive part in European history, and of a devout Catholic whose mouth was filled with religion while he dressed and armed the storm troopers and subsidized anti-Semitism for higher reasons. However, that he himself should today call himself a *Dummkopf* for what he did and believed in is hardly a satisfactory explanation of the politician who made far-reaching political decisions behind the scenes and still pretends—as steel magnates do everywhere—that he is only an industrialist. Nor does this hindsight make believable the statement that he really thought the Communists had burned the Reichstag, even in 1938 after extensive travels in North and South America; or that the true meaning of the concentration camps dawned upon him, or so it seems, only after the *Anschluss,* when a relative of his—whose castle Ribbentrop annexed for his private use—died in Dachau.

Herr Thyssen in the course of his confessions gives some revealing inside details of the Nazi regime, new proofs of corruption and personal degradation. He is convincing when he says that Hitler went farther than many of his capitalist angels wanted him to. Of course, these men, whether Catholic or Protestant—they were even Jewish in a few cases—were pretty well satisfied after the liquidation of the labor movement (the steel magnate still contends that labor organizers are always dirty foreigners, that "his" workers, even the Communists among them, loved him). They contemplated a more careful conquest of Europe and the overseas markets. Their great surprise when Hitler did not stop and moved more and more quickly on the road to war shows only their lack of imagination and their general ignorance. The *Reichswehr* generals knew better. They knew that terror and total regimentation were needed to take the German people into another world war. They went through thick and thin with the barker Hitler whether they liked his manners or not as long as he furnished these prerequisites for war through the total militarization of workers and industrialists alike. And Thyssen does not understand yet that the methods used to subjugate the German people and this subjugation itself—approved by him—led necessarily, even if they were invented for other goals, to what he now condemns. That he finds fault with the German people and makes them more responsible for Hitler than he was, at least by implication, adds merely the last stomach-turning touch to his performance. His proposal to organize Germany after the war into two separate monarchies, one Catholic and belonging to Western civilization, one Protestant and Prussian, may not be intended so but surely functions as comic relief at the end.

Historical notes have been added to Thyssen's text "in order to make clear problems and circumstances." These notes are not only sloppy and superficial but full of falsehoods and distortions. It is scandalous that the publishers did not refuse to print them. Nothing much better could be said of the appendix of biographical sketches.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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Ripeness Is All

SAVAGE LANDOR. By Malcolm Elwin. The Macmillan Company. $4.

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife"; perhaps the least appropriate of all lines of poetry to set at the head of Landor's biography are those generally accepted as his own epitaph on his career. Fortunately, his title for that flawless quatrain was "Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher"; the master of the most serene utterance in nineteenth-century poetry claimed the customary privileges of an idealism that remained chimeric in the actual events of his life. But like almost every child of his age, he won them at the cost of living two lives—one lucid, blithe, impregnable in its poise and inviolability of spirit, and accordingly marred in its poetic fulfilment by the errors of innocence and unreality; the other so reckless, vexed, and miscalculated throughout the hazards of its ninety years that it justified Landor's claim to kinship with King Lear and so brought him to survive as a paradox among the poets of his century.

It is this paradox, epitomized in Dickens's character of Boythorn in "Bleak House," that Mr. Elwin undertakes to dispel. Forster's ill-balanced biography, based on an incomplete and broken friendship with its hero and written under the inhibition imposed by surviving relatives, has long demanded a modern successor (Colvin's graceful sketch, except for its sensitive appreciation of Landor's writings, was based directly on it); meanwhile interest in Landor has passed from curiosity about an eccentric personality to the exorbitant and uncritical reverence for an authentic classicist born out of his time that has been fostered by Pater, Moore, Pound, and Yeats. George Moore ranked Landor with Shakespeare as "the last heir of a noble family. All that follows Landor is decadent"; but Yeats did something more valuable than canonize Landor as a model of perfect aesthetic integrity. In "A Vision" he placed Landor with Dante and Shelley in the seventeenth phase of Incarnation as the type of Daimonic Man whose true mask is "simplification," his false mask "dispersal," the true manifestation of his mind "creative imagination through antithetical emotion," the false manifestation "enforced self-realization," and his Body of Fate "loss." Yeats suggested here the real problems of character and genius that must tax the serious biographer of Landor. It is the initial misfortune of Mr. Elwin's book that they have taxed him little or not at all, and that his ineptitude in making full critical use of his admirable industry and luck in fact-finding has led him to miss a remarkable opportunity which the indifference of earlier students of nineteenth-century literature has placed in his hands.

He has the precedent of Byron in "Don Juan" for his title, but his title sets the tone of catchpenny pedestrianism and futile Stracheyan mimicry which extends to the general tastelessness of his interpretation and the formless alignment of his facts, and must torment the slumber of the author of "Pericles and Aspasia." He has done permanent service in laying open the facts of Landor's Spartan boyhood, his early love affairs, his skeptical and wholly unradical enthusiasm for social and political justice, and the fiasco of his experiments in managing his Welsh estate at Llanthoney. He traces his attachment for Ianthe (Sophia Jane Swifte, later Countess de Molandé), his bitterly ill-starred marriage to Julia Thuillier, his genius in friendship, his disastrous estrangement from his children, and the long list of his legal battles, ending in the atrocious Yescombe litigation at Bath which drove him into his final Italian exile at eighty-three to find the doors of the Fiesole villa closed to him and his old age dependent on the charity of friends in Florence. But Mr. Elwin's faint success in making use of these findings is seen in his failure to place them in any significant relation to Landor's writings and in the fact that his initial purpose is wholly defeated: we end by feeling that Dickens's Boythorn does its prototype no real injustice after all. The cast and scope of Landor's intelligence are never defined; the extreme variations of quality in his work are not examined; the reasons why Landor's *métier* as poet and prose writer is so rigid and inflexible, so disappointing in carrying the weight of its themes and ambitions, incapable of maintaining the level of its highest achievement and thus fated to survive only in short masterpieces and fragments, are left quite unexplored.

The closest Mr. Elwin comes to penetrating Landor's limitations is when he suggests that he was temperamentally unfitted for the sustained labor of writing novels for which his talent was basically suited, remaining content to work in the static forms of dialogue, dialectic, and scenic prose—epistles, conversations, and closely wrought but unresilient lyrics. This is an interesting speculation, worth following as a clue to Landor's uneven success in labors that extended continuously over seventy years but expressed only by flashes a vivacity and clarity of temperament which neither scandal nor personal misery could defeat. He wrote his long series of

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elegant but perversely unprofitable Latin lyrics at moments of distraction that would have unseated the reason of a more complex nature; he wrote "Pericles and Aspasia" in the depths of humiliation that followed his wife's ignorant tyrannies, his discovery that she was housing her lover in the Fiesole villa, the break-up of his marriage and his permanent rupture with his children. His vituperative pamphlets were issued in the intervals of some of his most chastely exquisite lyrics. Perhaps the hiatus of emotional temperament that permitted Landor to do these things is as accountable as anything for the stylistic purity of his memorable work and the bloodless verbalism of the greater part that has fallen into deserved neglect.

The last word on his case still remains with Yeats: "The most violent of men, he uses his intellect to disengage a visionary image of perfect sanity, seen always in the most serene and classic art imaginable. He had perhaps as much Unity of Being as his age permitted, and possessed, though not in any full measure, the Vision of Evil." This is just. Landor's image of perfect sanity was too often visionary and disengaged; it found usually only a fortuitous contact with genuine imaginative reality; its fusion of emotion with intellectual order comes only at rare moments of clairvoyance. The lapse between his savage sense of justice and honor and his serenity of vision was profound, nor was it wholly a lapse; it was a division of elements and of intelligence explicable only by a failure in humility and self-knowledge which the great poet never finally tolerates, whatever the conflicts and violences of his personal life. It remains the fundamental problem in Landor. If a biographer leaves it unexamined and undefined, he makes his book useful at best as a record of events; and we have seen too often how small is the use which events serve in the knowledge and honor of literature.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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or at least a fortune-teller. He asks us to believe that one hostess had a large coil of rope placed in a corner so that he might perform the fabled trick. Of two dissimilar peoples devoted to the ritual of the bath, he remarks that the American cares much more than the Indian about clean clothes. He might have stated the obvious reason. The American woman is ready to wash any garment, while a Hindu lady may not touch the dhobi's job. The American is or should be ready to tackle any work; the caste Hindu cannot do a hand's turn. Dr. Shridharani was outraged when he saw an American kissing his wife or sweetheart on the mouth, for his people have known nothing of such endearments. But India now is learning romance from the West and is insisting upon enjoying all of it. The movement created by Gandhi, that implacable medievalist, has aroused the women of India to an indescribable degree. They are now, we are assured, the very vanguard of feminism—an amazing irony. Dr. Shridharani does not seek to hide the fact that in respect of certain basic institutions of Hinduism he holds the full Western view. Caste, child marriage, and untouchability, he believes, stand all alike condemned. There is a shortage of 9,000,000 women, while some 26,000,000 widows exist, the vast majority barred from remarriage! He recognizes that India owes its awakening to Western influences. All the known leaders, including Gandhi and Nehru, were shaped or trained in Europe, although it is absurd to say, as he does, that Gandhi was educated in England.

Turning from the social contrasts of East and West, Dr. Shridharani reviews the nationalist movement since Gandhi's salt march to the sea, in which he himself took part, and the ensuing crusade of mass civil disobedience. He refers to the "victorious conclusion" of that uprising, after the prisons had been overfilled with tens of thousands of passive resisters. Here was, of course, an astounding demonstration of power over the multitude wielded by a single leader, a unique display of mass adhesion to a strange method and of readiness to suffer for a cause. But can "victorious" be the right word to apply? Gandhi has never carried his crusade to a final test; it did not even make an end of the salt tax.

Nine years later he ended this great enterprise after signing his famous pact with the present Lord Halifax; in 1940, when the National Congress formally abandoned his policy of complete non-violence, he sanctioned a trial of individual civil disobedience. For Gandhi himself that could be only a contradiction in terms, and it has had the most unhappy result of landing Nehru and many lesser leaders in jail. Dr. Shridharani, I suggest, provides an effective answer to his own argument when he sees as valuable and significant the achievements of the provincial governments, directed by National Congress ministers under the Act of 1935. That record is concrete evidence of an advance toward responsible self-government. It came about through the acceptance of governing responsibility in defiance of the Gandhi principle, and it was surrendered two years ago as the Congress Party's protest against the Viceroy's executive action in respect of India's war policy.

No section of Dr. Shridharani's book is more noteworthy than his gallery of portraits. It is of remarkable range, and all the leaders are treated with entire frankness, particularly as regards their disagreements over policy and belief. The closing chapters are concerned with India and Russia and the Far East, with Gandhi's nationalism and Nehru's socialism and Young India's response to both. Further, Dr. Shridharani throws out some challenging ideas about the conflict between American pacifism and the Gandhist doctrine of non-violent resistance. Gandhism, he must surely realize, has almost no relevance in the United States; and in this hideous world of ours, how can independence be the aim of people whose method is non-resistance? Dr. Shridharani is not only vivacious and provocative; he is also thorough, in an unexpected direction—his index is first-rate. One surprise of the book to me is the introduction, in which Louis Bromfield repeats more than one of the assertions about India which, long the commonplaces of Anglo-India, have been fiercely denied by Indian nationalists.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

What Does Make Sammy Run?

HOLLYWOOD: THE MOVIE COLONY, THE MOVIE MAKERS. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

STARS AND STRIKES. By Murray Ross. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

LEONARD Q. ROSS and Leo C. Rosten are happily one and the same person, for the combined talents of the author of "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N" and "The Washington Correspondents" make him the ideal chronicler of the facts and foibles of Hollywood. Mr. Rosten has spent four years in Hollywood, under the auspices of the Carnegie and the Rockefeller Foundation, collecting the material for his book, and has produced a work of wit, perception, and sociological interest. Hollywood, Mr. Rosten claims, is by no means unique in its *mores;* the film world is merely a microcosm of the world at large. The film people are the new international royalty, and the "fierce light which beats upon a throne" has been directed, from every country in the world, upon the élite of the film capital.

It is so easy to remember the extravagances of behavior among these universal escape symbols that one is apt to forget, Mr. Rosten points out, that many comparisons may be made between Newport and Santa Monica, and between the *nouveaux riches* of any community and those of the film industry—the most spectacular of movie-colony parties pale before some of the entertainments of Marjorie Post Close Hutton Davies and Mrs. Pembroke Jones, and divorces are not much more common in film than in cafe society. Hollywood came into money rather late, that is all; it is more *nouveau* but no richer or more extravagant than any other comparable community—the Zanucks and Selznicks may in fifty years' time have obtained the prestige and polish of the Astors or the Vanderbilts.

Nowhere in this book, which he devotes mainly to the aristocracy of the industry and its activities, is Mr. Rosten anything but a just critic. He has no axes to grind or vitriol to throw, and the industry as a whole is bound to find a great deal of useful information in the pages of this penetrating analysis. For the non-professional reader there is a mass of fascinating information: how much stars earn and how they spend it, their social life and how they conduct

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it, the political maneuverings of the producers (their activities during Upton Sinclair's campaign for the governorship of the state are particularly interesting), and the influence of Hollywood on the community at large and vice versa.

To compare this book in any way to a gossip column is, on the surface, grossly unfair; yet the life of Hollywood, business as well as social, is so intricately tied up with the personalities and quirks of its élite that the book does resemble a gossip column, but is so witty, so accurate, and so full of detailed statistics as to be at the same time a social document of great significance.

Mr. Rosten has not dealt with the question of organized labor in the industry except with respect to the Talent Guilds —the writers, actors, and directors—for these groups, he considers, will shape the immediate destinies of the film companies. The story of the unionization of Hollywood has been left to Murray Ross, who in "Stars and Strikes" gives a rather boring account of this interesting topic. Not detailed enough to serve as a textbook or sensational enough to attract the casual reader, Mr. Ross's book is scrupulously unbiased to the point of inefficacy. Any history of the development of the unions in Hollywood which does not include an account of personal rivalries and ambitions, scandal, and even a degree of partisanship, is necessarily incomplete.

To attempt to steer a middle course may be laudable ethics, but in this case it makes for slightly dull reading. The producers fought one of the ablest rear-guard actions in the history of the labor movement in their attempt to preserve "the country's strongest citadel of anti-unionism." To try, in any way, to whitewash their motives, which were purely and simply to keep the unions out of the industry, means omitting a great many important data. For instance, Mr. Ross states that the Screen Writers' Guild was on the point of forcing the producers to sign a basic contract when certain members suddenly withdrew their support, and then fails to tell us why. Again we should like to know for what reason the NRA code administrator, Sol A. Rosenblatt, shilly-shallied in the negotiations he was conducting between the Screen Actors' Guild and the producers until NRA was put out of action by the Schechter decision. Actually a good deal of illumination on the labor situation may be gained from this book, mainly by reading between the lines, as well as along them. Mr. Ross has assembled some interesting material; one can only wish that he had at the same time acquired some prejudices.

ANTHONY BOWER

Labor and Defense in Britain

THE STRATEGY OF FREEDOM. By Harold J. Laski. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

THE BALANCE SHEET OF THE FUTURE. By Ernest Bevin. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.75.

HAROLD LASKI is known here, and in England, as a brilliant theoretician. He is also a working member of the British labor movement, elected to the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party by popular vote. He is not just a theorist, but does his share of chores, and is an elected member of his local Borough Council—a lowly public

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office, all work and no ha'pence. It is not unusual in the British labor movement to find well-known people doing lowly jobs in local branches. It is unusual, anywhere in England, to find a man who really knows the people of the United States.

After twenty-five years' close association with American universities Laski has written an "Open Letter to American Youth" in which he urges that the defeat of Hitler is as important to the people of Oregon, Missouri, and South Carolina as it is to anyone in England. It is not an appeal to the United States to declare war. Laski is confident that Hitler can be defeated without Americans sending "their youth to die on the European battlefield" provided that there is "continuance of that massive material aid" which Britain is now receiving. Laski claims that a British victory is imperative, not because present-day Britain is an earthly paradise—he admits all the past mistakes and present inequalities—but because fascism can only be destroyed by military defeat, and unless fascism is destroyed, there is not even the opportunity of improving social conditions.

Although Laski addresses his arguments to the "American student," they are really directed to any person young enough to be interested in contemporary events—roughly, anyone under eighty. He takes one by one the various reservations which spring to the American mind at the words "British victory," dismisses some, admits others, but pleads that the risks inherent in a British victory are risks involving hope and opportunity, whereas a Nazi victory would mean hopeless slavery. "The American student . . . has to choose in the realization that to refuse to choose is itself a significant choice."

Laski offers the British experience in proof that a nation need not discard democracy in order to fight a war. After two years of war civil liberties are intact, social services have been strengthened and improved, and "the status of trade unions is, by universal admission, higher than at any point in their history." Why this is so is in part explained in "The Balance Sheet of the Future." This book was not written by Ernest Bevin. It has been compiled from his speeches. They are of uneven interest but provide a partial answer to the often asked question: "How has Britain managed to avoid strikes and double production since May, 1940?"

Strikes cannot be avoided by simply declaring them illegal. Blueprints of negotiating machinery are worthless unless the spirit is there to implement them. The reason strikes have been practically eliminated for the duration in England is that the men in the factories feel themselves an essential, responsible part of the fight against fascism. Mere rhetoric will not give men that sense of self-confident dignity which is the hall-mark of a citizen of a democracy. It comes only when men are treated as trustworthy adults. The first step was to include their leaders in the government.

Labor entered the British government at the moment of greatest crisis. Holland had been invaded, Belgium was about to collapse, within a few days France was to fall. Britain was virtually without equipment. The coastline, for practical purposes, was completely undefended. "No nation in the world," says Bevin, "was so near to defeat as we were then." The miracle of Dunkirk had saved the men of the army, but the equipment was lost. Only the men in the defense industries

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could save Britain from total defeat. "There were a good many people in the country," says Bevin grimly, "who imagined that the thing to do to save ourselves was to conscript labor and carry out all kinds of compulsory arrangements."

Because he was Britain's trade-union "boss" Bevin was appointed Minister of Labor. He was given wide powers of compulsion. He is a workingman himself, and he knows that compulsion and enthusiasm cannot live together. His aim was voluntary cooperation. Two weeks after he had taken over the Ministry of Labor he addressed a specially convened trade-union conference in London. To delegates directly representing the men in the workshops he told of the chaos he found "in the organization of the state's man power" and of his detailed plans for increasing production. The speech is peppered with the word "I," an old habit of Bevin's, but the important thing is that he discussed with the men the problems of dilution of labor, training, welfare, the special difficulties of mining and agriculture, the necessity of moving workingmen from one part of the country to another, and how the Labor Supply Board would work. "I have had a great worry. I knew I had to come and ask you to break your rules and work overtime." The men, understanding the whole situation and therefore their place in it, went back to the factories and quite surely saved Britain.

The men know that "Mussolini began the game of destroying trade unions. . . . Hitler followed suit." They are not only fighting to defend their right to trade-union organization; they are also fighting for the hopes listed in this book in the chapter The Britain I Want to See. The two secrets of British production are that it is achieved through cooperation, not compulsion, and that it is founded on hope.

PATRICIA STRAUSS

Can Socialism Be Democratic?

IDEAS FOR THE ICE AGE. By Max Lerner. Viking Press. $3.

A GOOD proportion of Max Lerner's "Ideas for the Ice Age" was originally written as casual or occasional journalism. Ordinarily the pieces that seem so vital in the pages of a political weekly or even of a law journal take on a faded quality when reprinted in a book, but in the case of Max Lerner, who always writes with long perspectives in mind, an exception can easily be made. The truth is that Mr. Lerner does not know how to write badly: he has an extremely dignified conception of his calling, and he does nothing in the haste that makes for sloppy construction. His command of ideas, his ability to marshal complex evidence, his sense of history, and his grave, half-ingratiating, half-critical prose all combine to make up a distinctive Lerner style, whether the occasion for its employment is the important one of resurrecting Randolph Bourne's "Fragment on the State" or the merely necessary one of reviewing the latest book by John Strachey. The style tends to jar a bit when Mr. Lerner uses the propitiatory "I must confess" for the fortieth time when you know damn well that he isn't "confessing" anything, but this echo of the alas-and-a-Laski school of prose doesn't matter very much, after all. (And by this I don't mean to imply that Laski hasn't his good points, too.)

Some of the essays and reviews in this new Lerner collection date back to the mid-thirties, when the New Deal was still a fighting faith on the domestic front. Some are as up-to-the-minute as the latest journalist's report on the condition of war-time Britain, or the latest brief for taking the Russians seriously as long-term allies. In all of the pieces the consistency of both tone and point of view is remarkable: Mr. Lerner is sure of his direction, sure of his values, and if he has changed his mind a bit on the subject of the need for more direct American participation in the war, he can plead the continually altering context of world and class power as an excuse.

At bottom, however, Mr. Lerner fails utterly to convince me that he has any compelling social or political truth by the tail. Our differences are perhaps too deep for argument, since they rest on completely opposed emotional predilections and intuitive assumptions. Mr. Lerner insists that he is a philosophical pluralist, but I don't believe him for a minute: his State theory is basically Hegelian, he has the religious urge to belong to a movement that promises to go somewhere in history, and his praise is usually reserved for the Laskis and the Lenins of this world, the philosophers who have a Hegelian sense of the teleological. Mr. Lerner's root assumption, so far as "Ideas for the Ice Age" is concerned, is that a "democratic socialism," or a "democratic collectivism," is both necessary and possible. He sees the "campaign of history" pushing in the collectivist direction everywhere, and he has a fondness for invoking a democratic "dynamic" that does mystical duty as a substitute for the God of the early Christians, the predestination of John Knox, or the dialectic of Marx.

I once saw things Mr. Lerner's way, or tried to. But the wrench to my conditioned reflexes and the evidence of my five senses was too much to stand. Today, for reasons which may be found in "The American Stakes" (Mr. Lerner both pleases and embarrasses me by reprinting his review of that book in "Ideas for the Ice Age"), I am convinced that "democratic socialism" is an utter contradiction in terms. Moreover, Mr. Lerner can't quite justify his own faith in the term when he takes a closer look at recent history. Socialism, I assume, implies state ownership of the means of production. (At least I would define it as such, if only to set it apart from Swedish social democracy, which has an individualist base in a small private ownership of productive property that I, in my incurable middle-class way, would defend to the death.) But Mr. Lerner himself says (see page 320) that the "democratic crisis state can be at once strong and constitutional . . . so long as jobs aren't dependent on *state* or party" (my italics). This *aperçu* is the keenest thing in Mr. Lerner's book, but it contradicts the whole drift of his so-called "democratic-socialist" dynamic, which is really an imperative that would drive us on to the slave state.

I haven't space to explore the full implications of my disagreement with Max Lerner. I admire his many abilities; I take off my hat to a man who can stick to his last with the pertinacity which Mr. Lerner discloses. But where Mr. Lerner tends to accept Thurman Arnold's campaign to eliminate toll gates and bottlenecks in the economy as secondary to the campaign to increase the power of the big labor unions, I would put the emphasis the other way round. (I suppose I'm

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still a Populist, an Old Bob La Follette radical, at heart, in spite of a youthful effort to say farewell to bourgeois reform.) And on a more theoretical plane I differ with Mr. Lerner on the functions and directions of planning, on the desired aims of American foreign policy, on the nature of the American party system, and—very probably—on the closed shop in the labor movement. If Mr. Lerner wants to debate our differences by recourse to the printed word, I would suggest, at the risk of seeming to be a pouter-pigeon sort of guy, that he read over again the chapter on Blocked Roads to Freedom in "The American Stakes." Failing that, he might try to argue down Willi Schlamm's brilliant rejection of socialism as a possible democratic way out in a recent issue of the *New Leader*. If Mr. Lerner can dispose of Mr. Schlamm, I will shut my disputatious mouth. But my money would be on Mr. Schlamm in any debate. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Explosive duPonts

ALFRED I. DUPONT: THE FAMILY REBEL. By Marquis James. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.50.

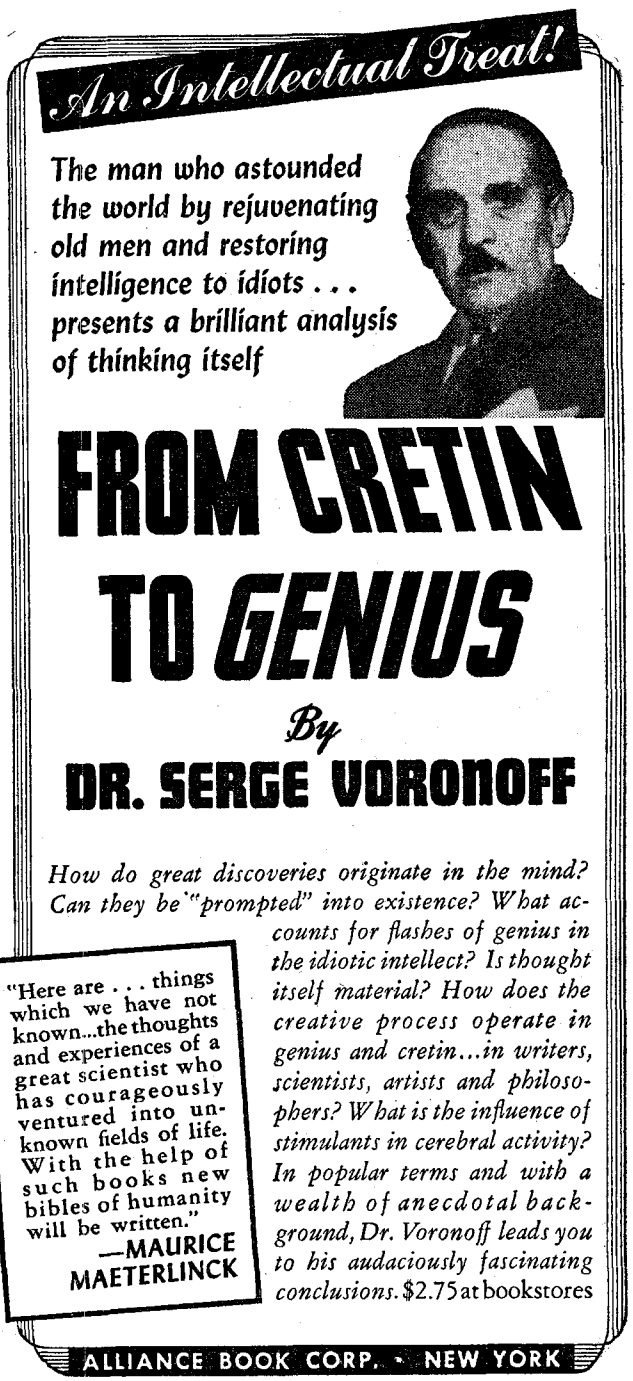
WHEN Margaret Marshall dumped this hefty volume on my desk, my heart sank. Was this another dull life of a duller tycoon, another of those literary tombstones in which piety and eloquence strive to discover virtues unrevealed by nature? Reassured by the name of the author, however, I set to work and soon found myself so absorbed that I read every one of the book's 542 pages (excluding notes). Once again, Mr. James has given us a biography which is as scholarly as it is readable, and, incidentally, he has provided social historians with a wealth of material bearing on industrial organization and corporate finance.

Mr. James has been, perhaps, a trifle over-generous in his estimate of Alfred I. duPont's character, although by no means all the warts are painted out, but he proves in a very satisfactory manner that his hero was far from being a stuffed shirt. Nor was his life in any sense a dull one; on the contrary, it was filled with drama.

The core of this book is the story of how Alfred I., the young executive in the duPont powder yards and unconsulted minority stockholder, saved the business for the family when the tired old men at the top were ready to sell out to their biggest competitor; and of how he himself was pushed out by the cousins whom he brought in to help him put it on its feet. Thus we have told for the first time in a fairly complete form the tale of the great family row which rocked the duPont seigniory of Delaware to its foundations and started a feud Mr. James pardonably likens to the Wars of the Roses. Money and marriage are the two potentially explosive elements which are essential for the stabilization of any dynasty. Both detonated almost simultaneously in the case of the duPonts. After many unhappy years Alfred I. divorced his first wife, thus violating one of the unwritten laws of the clan. But what was worse he contracted a second marriage with a cousin also a divorcée. The family was split between those who were outraged and those who took the view that even a duPont had a right to consider his own happiness.

The force of this explosion did much to precipitate the quarrel between Alfred and his cousin Pierre over the financial management of the company. Pierre, who was the active head of the organization, made a deal with another cousin, Coleman—the largest stockholder—to take over his holdings for the benefit of an inside group on whose support he could depend. Alfred and some other members of the family were excluded, but, in any case, they took the view that the shares should have been bought for the company's treasury, since the deal could not have been swung without the support of the company's credit. With the aid of his henchmen on the board, who were all interested parties, Pierre secured confirmation of this transaction and Alfred was forced out as a director. He retaliated both in the courts and by entering Delaware politics, where he encouraged a progressive revolt against the duPont influence.

Although Alfred lost all connection with the duPont Company he was sufficiently confident of its future to hold on to his stock in it. Its mounting value in the twenties helped to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pull him out of a bad hole dug by unwise speculation and enabled him, in the last years of his life, to launch a chain-banking system in Florida, together with very ambitious plans for rehabilitating the neglected timber lands along the Gulf coast. He left at death one of the largest of the many large estates which have grown out of duPont profits.

The portrait which emerges from this book is of a man who was irascible but generous, obstinate but understanding; of a man who maintained through many storms both his courage and his personal integrity. But I find it difficult to agree with the author's belief that his subject was also a man who made really good use of his wealth and opportunities, and I closed this book thinking it should have ended with the text: "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle . . ."

KEITH HUTCHISON

George Herbert

THE WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT. Edited with a Commentary by F. E. Hutchinson. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

EVERY lover of the written word has imagined a rendezvous at the Mermaid with Will and Ben—and a flagon of canary; a listener's seat at the Club when Johnson and Goldsmith crossed bludgeon with rapier; or midnight tea from old China cups in the quarto-lined chambers of Elia. Few, however, very few, have wished to walk with George Herbert to hear music at Salisbury Cathedral. Few have yearned to hear his fading voice raised in tender fervor beneath the narrow vault of Bemerton Church. Yet Ford Madox Ford was supremely right, in his tortured tetralogy of the first World War, when he caused Tietjens, his hero, to remember England as Bemerton. Out of the dank misery of rain and mud, the grinning brightness of falling flares, the crashing madness of bomb and shell, the pain of shallow trenches which bowed the head in frustrating stoop, this Englishman looked toward the Bemerton of George Herbert, a place where a man could stand up, a place of pastoral quiet and undaunted peace.

More, however, than the cleanliness of grass and sunshine, more than the freedom to lift the spirit and the voice in the sheer joy of liberty, sanctifies that place which Herbert had made forever England. For there abides the spirit of a very great man, one of the few who have been able to make the great renunciation of the immediately desirable for the enduringly precious. Herbert was born to privilege, to honor and influence, to the exercise of power over the lives of his fellow-men. He heard ancestral voices calling to war and to the silken silence of courtly halls. Though they faded, the voices were never quite still. Other voices, less shrill, less imperious, called him, and to them he listened. Magdalen Herbert, Nicholas Ferrar, and, at last, that pale Man hanging on His cross brought him the collar, the proud yoke of loving-kindness, under which he attained that peace which is also rapture. Before his short day was over, Herbert became a great man in his capacity for self-discipline, his power to refuse with calm determination, his will to choose the highest integrity he knew. He found no need to wear a hair shirt under his cassock, for his turmoil of spirit was deeper than the mere warfare of body and soul, and was not to be resolved by dramatic display. His conflict was at once the most profound and the most simple that has torn the hearts of men. It was the struggle to preserve a pattern of life, a brave pattern that alone could bring him fulfilment. Herbert understood as few men have that he who loseth his life shall find it, and he affirmed that understanding with the greatest humility and poetic beauty.

His poetry was the perfect expression of his thought and feeling. It has both the subtlety and the utter simplicity of that long and patient meditation which comes eventually to clear decision. It has the starkness of unfrightened thinking. In flashes it has the ineffable pity of complete understanding. It is not language for its own sake; it is the spirit made flesh. And if it essays no epic splendors, no massive piles of orient words, no arabesques of curling language, it speaks the moods of a man, and with inevitable fitness of word and substance it voices the often-denied but inescapable aspiration of humanity.

Of the present edition it need only be said that it is the work of an English scholar, learned, wise, and understanding; and that it bears the imprint of the Oxford University Press. It is, therefore, a book of poems with prefaces and commentary which are substantial but unobtrusive, a book that says the final word about works of literary art. Here, it says, are poems with some prose wrappings which, like holly paper and red ribbon, merely induce curiosity about what is within and will be forgotten when the contents are revealed.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Lavoisier and His Times

TORCH AND CRUCIBLE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ANTOINE LAVOISIER. By Sidney J. French. Princeton University Press. $3.50.

ANTOINE LAVOISIER'S was one of the truly great minds in the development of scientific thought. By wresting chemistry from the mysticism that had held it in thrall since the time of Aristotle he earned the title of the father of modern chemistry and profoundly altered our concept of the universe. He was also one of the remarkable group of Academicians whose liberal philosophy cleared the way for the French Revolution. Yet toward the revolution's end he was sacrificed on the guillotine to the frenzied belief that "the Republic has no need of scientists; let justice be done."

Before now all books about Lavoisier have dealt with him either as a scientist or as a historical figure. Professor French attempts, as he expresses it, "to fuse the two images, to unite in one person the elements that make Lavoisier such a striking figure." This intention, unfortunately, is not accomplished. "Torch and Crucible" is not a well-integrated biography but three loosely connected essays written from as many points of view: a lucid and graphic account of the experiments which built up the great theory of conservation of mass; a stilted and uninspired record of Lavoisier's academic and civic honors and social life; and a brief history of the Revolution, in which Lavoisier is all but lost in the rush of events.

GRACE ADAMS

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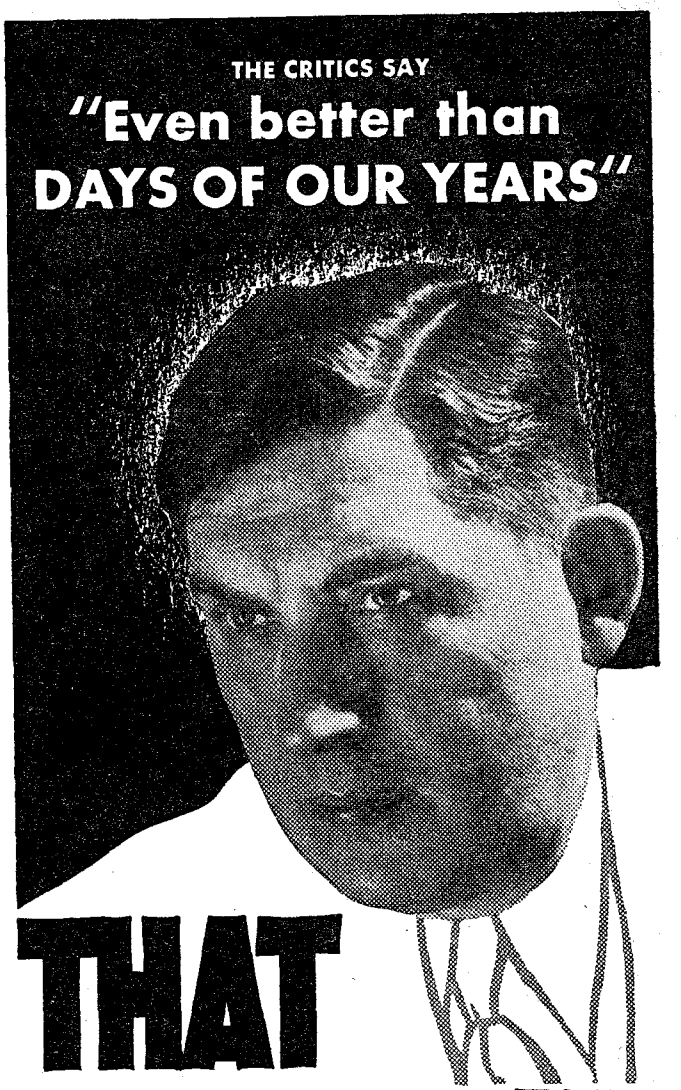

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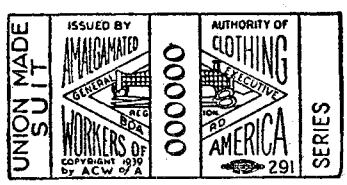

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RECORDS

VICTOR'S outstanding November release is the recording of Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutte" made a few years ago by the Glyndebourne Festival Company (Sets 812, 813, 814; $21.50). It reproduces very well—except for an occasional blanketing of the orchestra by the singers—a spirited performance, admirable in style, that creates the lovely Mozartian melodic lines and textures out of the sounds of a good orchestra and of voices some of which are excellent and others adequate.

Bach's Art of Fugue, which contains some of his most superb, most affecting music, is played on the organ by E. Power Biggs (Sets 832/3, $11). Bach did not specify any instrument for performance of the work; and there is no reason why it should not be played on the organ, except the one that appears in this actual performance. As it happens, the polyphonic texture is clearer on these records than on previous records of Biggs's performances; but the very nature of the organ sound makes for less clarity than there is in the string quartet version of the Art of Fugue recorded by the Roth Quartet for Columbia, which therefore I prefer.

The remaining set (831, $3) offers Mozart's Duo K. 424 for violin and viola, a piece of hackwork that is pleasantly inconsequential and acceptably played by Heifetz and Primrose. As for single discs, some fine music from Gluck's "Alceste"—"Ah, malgré moi," and "Non, ce n'est point un sacrifice"—is sung by Rose Bampton with beauty of voice and style—only a few shrill high notes betraying the fact that she is a contralto turned soprano (18218, 1). Iturbi plays Debussy's two Arabesques very well in a miniature style suited to these early salon pieces (18237, 1). And Feuermann and Rupp do an excellent job with an only moderately interesting Adagio and Allego arranged by Feuermann from Handel's Organ Concerto in G minor (18154, $1).

The performance of Tchaikovsky's Romeo and Juliet" recorded for Columbia by Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra (Set 478, $3.50) is modeled with less sentitiveness, restraint, and taste than Koussevitzky's on Victor. Its recorded sound is quite good, except that the first side is a little rattly and unclean.

The people who want the best in audio-phonograph reproduction, and who insist on having with this the convenience of an automatic record-changer, do not understand that the quality of the reproduced sound depends on what the needle transmits from the record to the pickup-head, the pickup-head to the amplifier, the amplifier to the speaker, the speaker to the room; and that the clean, even, sweet sound produced from a good orchestral recording by a combination of good amplifier and speaker and an Audax D-36 or Brush PL-25 pickup will not be produced by the same amplifier and speaker with the inferior pickup-head on a record-changer. In the past year or two I have been recommending something that will give a close approximation of this sound —the Garrard RC-30 changer equipped with the Audax pickup-head; and I say "close approximation" because the efficiency of the Audax head is reduced not only by the lessened sharpness of the chromium needle after each record but by the increasing acuteness of the angle which this needle makes with the record-surface as the records stack up on the turntable. But experience with this Garrard-Audax combination has revealed a more serious defect that leads me now to advise against it. Until now no way of attaching the head has been found that will prevent errors in the tracking of the needle in the record-groove—errors which, with pickups as light and sensitive as the Audax and the Brush, cause defects in the record to be magnified into disturbing rattles and even worse break-ups of the sound. And so until this can be prevented buyers of machines will have to choose between the beautiful sound produced by a good machine and a good single-record-playing pickup and the convenience of a record-changer with a pickup-head that produces inferior sound—or rather the convenience of such a changer when it works, for most of the changers that are available today are mechanically undependable and troublesome.

That is the information I get from those who assemble equipment; and record-changers, they tell me, are only one of their headaches. A single-record pickup requires a motor; but no American company has ever produced a good motor for a moderate price, and the imported Garrard is no longer available. Nor is anyone turning out good moderate-priced speakers. And so, I will add, with complete machines: for a high price there is still the Philharmonic, but at the moment I know of no machine built as conscientiously to sell for $100 or $150 or $200—none like the excellent Lafayette B-102 of last year.

Even first-rate equipment has its headaches. I send my Audax pickup for a mere routine check and the way it sounds when it gets back indicates that it had been out of order: there is considerably more bass and middle, and some recordings sound better. The Strauss waltzes and overtures in Victor Set 805 no longer have the faults I mentioned recently and sound quite good; and the increased bass gives the sound of the Koussevitzky and Boston Symphony performances of Mozart's Symphonies K. 201 and 338 in Victor Set 795 more body, makes it less than thin and hard, though it is still harsh (the improvement in the sound of some of the Columbia recordings is not enough to make them good). Or I take the Columbia set of Mahler's First Symphony to the home of a friend to let him hear how fine it is; and what we hear, unexpectedly, at certain points is

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a horrible break-up of the sound. We check with Beecham recordings, which sound excellent; and it takes hours to discover that a slight error in the position of the Brush pickup has produced an error in tracking which has caused the pickup to magnify slight defects in the Mahler recording. In other words, these pickups must be mounted with the utmost precision, and must be handled with the utmost care—which means for one thing, in the case of the Audax, pressing with one's finger against the side of the needle counter-clockwise as one tightens the needle-screw, and clockwise as one loosens the screw.

B. H. HAGGIN

The Undiscoverables

[*Continued from page* 569]

"Ah!" Santangelo sat down upon a bench by the window.

"Well . . ." Chiesa sat down upon an inverted net basket. The basket creaked beneath him.

"Be quiet!"

"I am sorry," Chiesa whispered.

"A man can talk about anything with the right people and get something out of it."

"Yes."

"About tomato paste, for instance?"

"That's right."

"So you've come back to us, Chiesa." Santangelo crossed the room and gripped Chiesa's shoulders. The Blackshirt trembled beneath the fisherman's touch, but he did not reply.

"Speak, man." Chiesa lifted his hands and grasped Santangelo's clothing. "Speak!"

"I can't," Chiesa gasped hoarsely.

"What do you think?" The fisherman raised his voice as he said this.

"You were right, Giovanni. He's come back, as you said he would," a male voice replied from the depth of the inner darkness. Chiesa was not startled.

"You are not surprised that we are not alone, Chiesa?" Santangelo asked, sharply.

"I knew he was here and the other also."

"You knew! How did you know?" Alarm rang faintly in the question.

"I was watching you. As you were watching me."

"Chiesa!" The quiet exclamation was more than a challenge.

"Yes?"

"Your shirt is burned in many places. There are little holes. They were made by sparks." Chiesa stood up quickly. The listeners heard him breathing quickly.

"I have no other shirt," Chiesa at last said firmly.

"We shall buy you one," a voice ejaculated, and Santangelo hissed for silence, reprovingly.

"You mean that although it has been burned by sparks you couldn't change your shirt?"

"I've only got one."

"Good. We're going to leave the house. We'll go somewhere else. You follow later."

"Very well." At the end of five minutes Chiesa rose from the basket and tiptoed to the door.

"By the back way," a woman's voice sleepily called.

"Very good, Signora," Chiesa said apologetically. He blundered against the table in passing through the kitchen, and a child cried out in drowsy alarm. The mother comforted the child with soft reassuring words that awoke another child. Chiesa listened.

"That will be her 'Ntoni," the Blackshirt whispered. "The other was her little Fortunato." In his sudden contentment he blurted the last words loudly. In the bedroom there was a quiet gasp, followed by silence. He waited a while, loath to leave the house. He was among people again.

In the lane behind the street he glanced up and down before moving away. Piero Lisazzio's back door was ajar, and Chiesa stepped in.

"Francesco?" Santangelo whispered. "No, it's me. Nunzio Chiesa."

Santangelo muttered an oath. While Chiesa was standing there, the door was quietly pushed inward against his back. The newcomer sidled past him and took a place against the wall.

"Now Chiesa! Speak up!" Lisazzio spoke insistently, in ill temper. The Blackshirt exclaimed as a hand firmly removed his pistol from its holster. He had not known he was standing near anyone. A stockinged foot trod upon the toe of his boot.

"Speak, Chiesa. Why have you come back?" It was Santangelo who spoke.

"Someone passed along the wall of La Grisafi's chapel," Chiesa exclaimed.

"We are waiting. Mother of God, man, haven't you got anything to say?"

"Damn your treacherous soul . . ." another voice burst out.

"Quiet," Santangelo ordered. "There'll be time enough for that, by God there will." There was contempt and rage in Santangelo's voice also, though he had acted as moderator.

"My shirt is burned, Giovanni," Chiesa faltered.

"Speak up, that's nothing to tell us. Blood of Christ, you're here, with us, and you piddle around like . . ."

Chiesa cleared his throat and wiped the sweat from his face. Vainly he tried to pronounce words. Suddenly he flung himself forward and held out his hands in the darkness, pleading with Santangelo.

"Speak." The door opened again and bare feet tripped over the Blackshirt's calves.

"Mother of God, ah, Blessed Mother," Chiesa cried harshly. Fiercely hissed commands for silence broke out around the walls. Chiesa spoke desperately, his voice breaking with anguish.

"I killed him. I shot his face away. Mother of God have pity."

"So it *was* you who killed Pizzuti," Lisazzio at last said. Chiesa lay weeping on the floor.

"Why did you do it?" Santangelo said. Through his sobs Chiesa replied protestingly.

"What does it matter? I killed him. He was going to murder my friend."

"Take it easy. You've spoken well, Chiesa."

During many minutes Chiesa wept. He beat his breast and forehead and cried out the name of his son Nino and of his wife, Emilia.

"There, there," a voice murmured, and a dry, shriveled hand caressed his face. The voice was familiar.

"That's right, calm him. He's spoken well."

"There, there, *figghiu*," the voice repeated. It was a woman's voice.

"Emilia. Thou!" Chiesa choked and grasped the hand fiercely.

"These six months," Coppola said, and, cursing with emotion, burst into tears.

"Emilia!" Chiesa shrank from his wife and threw himself upon his back and beat the floor with his hands. Conversation broke out around him.

"That's enough," Santangelo said thickly. "God damn you all, be silent. The patrol will be round soon!" Ignoring his own warning, Santangelo poured out a flood of questions.

"The patrol!" Chiesa exclaimed while the fisherman was still speaking. Then the Blackshirt continued.

"I saw Cesare Maniscalco come to the pasture. The posse came too. I didn't tell them he had been there. He killed many of the goats. He was mad, again Mori, against us all."

"You followed his sons."

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"What could I do? Ah, Mother of God, what could I do? They struck me down with stones. I don't know why they didn't kill me. They swore oaths to kill me."

"Tst! Tst!" Coppola hissed.

They waited in silence while the patrol visited and returned from the threshing floor.

"When I came to my senses I was lying at the foot of a rock, and there was a light in the sky, and shouting. I ran to the farm. Cesare was coming through the flames. The flames were between me and the Blackshirt. Maniscalco saw me. He shook his fist at me and ran back into the flames, and I followed him. I saw the Fascist Pizzuti jump at him. I couldn't let him kill Cesare. It came to me like a revelation of God, ah, Jesu. I couldn't let Pizzuti kill him. I didn't know I'd lifted my rifle when I pulled the trigger. Before God that is the truth. Afterward I was glad. I swear it."

"And you weren't afraid afterward?"

"Not at first. No, not for some time. I don't know how it was. I was just glad I'd killed Pizzuti. Then I got frightened. I wanted to tell Emilia, but she was never in the house. We haven't been happy together a long time, brothers. The boys in the cell, it was the boys frightened me. They will say I followed them to Four Carobs."

"We've thought of that. We've done all that we can do. Someone has talked to them. They've been told to hold their tongues for a few days at least. We can talk to them again."

"Mother of God. They'll betray me."

"Natural if they did. If you can use the word."

"That will do, Pirtuso," Lisazzio scolded. "He's put himself in our hands. That's the right thing, isn't it?"

"I'm in your power," Chiesa protested.

"Much good that profits us," Nicolino Pirtuso sneered.

"You don't trust me now? Not after what I've told you? Mother of God, what more can I do?"

"Trust you! Not as long as I live. You think you can come back. I am against it and I always shall be, whatever Santangelo says," Pirtuso muttered fiercely.

"Listen who's talking. You're only a newcomer yourself, Pirtuso," a voice said. "And if Varchi hadn't ripped up your nets, you might not be here now."

"There's one thing we want to know, Chiesa," Santangelo hastened to say.

"I'll tell you everything, Giovanni. I'll do anything you say. Can't I be forgiven? Ah, Son of God!"

"There's little we can do, at present. Perhaps our time will come. You lit the candles to spite Mori, for Maniscalco?"

"The candles? I never lit them."

"What! Mother of God, who lit them, then?"

"I swear by my son Nino, whose death lies on my soul as sin, I did not light them."

During the astonished silence the door opened again. Slippered feet scuffed lightly upon the floor.

"What is it? I told you not to come here!" Santangelo said roughly.

"Mori has telephoned to the Town Hall for Stefani and Chiesa to come to him," a young woman's voice replied. "He said the patrol was to stay on the streets all night." Again the voice was vaguely familiar to Chiesa. Whispered and desperate oaths broke the silence.

"Very well. Get back to the house at once. And thank you, girl."

When the girl had gone, Lisazzio said, "He's just heard about the candles." In the silence they all wondered who had erected the catafalque. "An undiscoverable," Lisazzio at last said in a matter-of-fact tone. "What do you think of that! There's someone against the Blackshirts we don't know!"

"Listen, Chiesa, you must go at once to the Town Hall. And you, Emilia, run home as fast as you can. When the messenger arrives, tell him Nunzio has gone to the Town Hall to report. I hope to God you get there first."

Man and wife collided at the door.

"Confound you, woman," Chiesa snapped and pushed her aside and slipped through the doorway. Emilia ran in the opposite direction. Within the room the *irreperibili* watched her scurry across the rubbish patch and disappear in the shadows.

"She'll have plenty of time," Lisazzio said easily. "Mother of God, who can have lit those blessed candles?"

On his way from the Town Hall to the White Villa, Chiesa stopped to wash his face at a fountain. Then he strode sharply to Mori's residence. As he entered he heard Signora Mori screaming hysterically on the second floor.

"Present, *Voscienza,*" Chiesa said, standing in the doorway of the dining room. Stefani's car was to be heard climbing the hill.

"Don Paulo, what is the matter?" the secretary of the *Comitate di Benificenza* exclaimed as he entered the room. He fanned himself with his hat and gazed from one to the other.

"Put out the light," Mori ordered gruffly. When it was done he threw open the windows. "I'm going to send Chiesa to Catania at once. I want your car. My man will drive it."

"Why, of course," the puzzled Stefani agreed obsequiously.

"You've heard about the candles and the catafalque?"

"Why, yes. I've just heard about the matter," Stefani said nervously.

"I'm going to ask for twelve more militia to be stationed here."

"But why, Don Paulo? And couldn't you telephone to Catania?"

Mori swore violently before replying. "I don't trust the telephone. I rang up Catania this afternoon asking for advice on another matter. About the fishing fleet. We can't keep them in harbor much longer. I don't know what . . ." Mori did not finish the sentence. "Somebody rang me up half an hour ago and said, "So you're afraid of the fishermen, are you? Your friends up here are afraid of the field laborers."

"Holy Virgin!" Chiesa exclaimed.

"You might as well say that. I had the call traced. It came from Ragusa."

"Ragusa," Stefani whispered in undisguised alarm. That town was not even a seaport. It was more than fifty miles distant from San Filippo, upon the high wheat lands! A servant girl ran down the stairs in slippered feet and stood in the doorway.

"Don Paulo," the girl said, "The signora has fainted. I can't make her speak to me." Chiesa started slightly, hearing the girl's voice again.

When he had telephoned for the doctor, Mori crossed to the window and laid his hands upon the sill and gazed over the town. The two men came to his side. Together they looked out over the moonlit roofs. All was quiet. No sound was to be heard but the soft falling of the waves upon the distant beach.

"We've got to find them, the undiscoverables," Mori muttered savagely. Chiesa smiled in the darkness, very little perturbed even by the sudden realization that his holster was empty.

"Why, of course, Don Paulo," Stefani eagerly agreed, a tremor in his voice.

Chiesa rubbed his chin as he gazed at the silent houses. The Three Kings were shining brightly. The town appeared to sleep as a child sleeps. Under the roofs most of the people were sleeping their few hours of peace. But others were awake.

"The *irreperibili,*" Chiesa murmured. "The undiscoverables."

[*The End*]

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